

THE LIVING AGE.

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☞ We commend to the reader's attention the articles on China, from The Spectator. England and France seem to have their beneficent energies so much engaged, that they may be willing to leave us to work out our own destiny.

NEW BOOKS.

Historical Notes on the Employment of Negroes in the American Army of the Revolution. By George H. Moore, Librarian of the New York Historical Society. New York: Charles T. Evans. Boston: A. Williams & Co. [A pamphlet of 24 pp., which we have not yet read.]

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THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

We are coming, Father Abraam, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from
New England's shore;

We leave our plows and workshops, our wives
and children dear,

With hearts too full for utterance, with but a
silent tear;

We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly be-
fore—

We are coming, Father Abraam—three hundred
thousand more!

If you look across the hill-tops that meet the
northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision
may desery;

And now the wind an instant, tears the cloudy
veil aside,

And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and
in pride;

And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands
brave music pour—

We are coming, Father Abraam—three hundred
thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys, where the grow-
ing harvests shine,

You may see our sturdy farmer-boys fast form-
ing into line;

And children from their mother's knees are
pulling at the weeds,

And learning how to reap and sow, against
their country's needs;

And a farewell group stands weeping at every
cottage door—

We are coming, Father Abraam—three hun-
dred thousand more!

You have called us, and we're coming, by Rich-
mond's bloody tide

To lay us down for freedom's sake, our broth-
ers' bones beside;

Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench
the murderous blade,

And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to
parade.

Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have
gone before—

We are coming, Father Abraam—three hundred
thousand more!

—N. Y. Evening Post.

THE CANARY BIRD,

IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH, ON WHITSUN-DAY.

SWEET singer of unworded song,*

What motive of thy tuneful heart

Wafted thy swift-winged course along,

To take, in our sweet songs, thy part?

* "Lieder ohne worte."—Mendelssohn.

Was it that we might learn of thee—
When, like a wedge of yellow gold,
Thou dartedst by, so rapidly—
How looked the fiery tongues, of old?

Or was it that our hearts should learn
(Which the "Life-Giver" * tunes, as *thine*),
How living love must brightly burn,
And praise the Source of Life Divine?

Or was it that, as Pentecost
Gathered in one all Babel's tongues
To speak to that assembled host †
The glory that to God belongs—

So 'mid our English chants and psalms,
Thou, from a foreign clime, shouldst come,
And breathe, from land of dates and palms,
The song thy fathers learned at home? ‡

Whate'er it be, dear joyous bird,
We hail thy coming, and its sign
Shall move our hearts, to worship stirred,
Like thee, to sing; like thee, to shine.

Mingle thy heaven-taught notes with ours,
The great All-Father hears thy song;
For beasts and birds and trees and flowers §
All praise his hand the live-day long. ||

Quick ¶ from the same life-giving breath,
With thee, we sing; with thee, we soar;
Nor cling to joys of earth beneath,
Changing and fading evermore.

Among "the pots" ** of sin and shame,
We would be golden-winged like thee,
So pure of heart, so far from blame,
So fair, so tuneful, and so free.

We would be "fire-tongued" †† like thee,
And only speak to praise the Lord, ‡‡
Kindled with love, as pure, as warm,
As wakes thy song, O blessed bird.

Sweet Whitsun feast, lift up our hearts
On golden wings, to rise to heaven;
The golden wings that faith imparts,
To prayer and praise so freely given.

Dear House of God, whose altars give
The birds of heaven such sacred nest, §§
O shelter us, long as we live,
Within thy sweet, celestial rest!

W. C. D.

Burlington, Whitsun-Monday, A.D. 1862.

—Church Journal.

* "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord, the
Life-Giver.

† Acts ii. 5.

‡ Acts ii. 8.

§ Proper Psalm for Whitsun-day, civ. 11, 12,
16, 17.

|| Benedicite omnia opera Domini.

¶ "The quick and the dead."

** Proper Psalm for Whitsun-day, lxxviii. 13.

†† Second Lesson for Whitsun-day, Acts. ii. 3.

‡‡ Acts ii. 11.

§§ Psalm lxxiv. 3.

From The Christian Remembrancer.

1. *The Works of George Herbert*. In two Volumes. Pickering. 1850.
2. *The Works of George Herbert*. In One Volume. Edited by the Rev. R. A. Willmott. Routledge. 1859.

AMONG the distinctive features of the present condition of English literature, not the least remarkable is the system now widely established of circulating libraries on a very large scale. These institutions—for, without exaggeration, they deserve the name—are of great service in keeping the dullest village and the most sequestered country-house or parsonage in easy communication with the metropolis, the great centre of intellectual life. They are useful, too, for authors, and especially for those who have yet to acquire a name, as providing a machinery for introducing their works to public notice. They are useful for readers as affording them an opportunity of pregustation—of glancing cursorily at what may be worth reading once, but once only; and of forming a more permanent acquaintance with those few rare works of genius or learning which, once seen, all who have the power desire to add to their own libraries. Without doubt, in all this there are advantages which our grandfathers did not enjoy. On the other hand, these extensive libraries, with their fortnightly lists of the “new books” which are continually struggling into the light of day, and rudely displacing their predecessors, are one among the chief causes of our neglect of such books as have not the recommendation of novelty. Even the great works of our living authors have only a brief popularity. The laureate’s latest poem, or the last, for the time being, of the brilliant and inexhaustible series of “My Novels,” after being announced with all due ceremony, welcomed, discussed, devoured, is soon—not forgotten, that would be impossible—but laid aside among the things that have been, while the new favorite of the hour reigns in its stead. Still more is this to be regretted in the case of what is really literature of the past. Scott, for example, has never been surpassed, if equalled, as a novelist, yet any third-rate novel or “novelette” of the day, rapid, incoherent, inane, is often taken up in preference, merely because it is *new*. It is not that there is anything in Scott to render him really obsolete. There is a charm

in his exquisite graces of imagination and language that no lapse of time can ever wear off, even though to our taste, his dialogues may seem stilted, and the pace of his narrative slow. Of course, in history and travels, except for readers who have occasion to refer to original authorities, and, most of all, amid the vast and daily increasing acquirements of physical science, this superannuation of old writers is inevitable. Not so in works of fiction; not so in poetry, endued, as all true poetry is, with a perpetual youth. Yet even Shakspeare with us, though duly honored, is, after all, seldom read, slightly known. But we need not pursue the subject further. It does not admit of question. We live too much in the present. Our ears are too preoccupied by the loud and impatient voices of the restless scene around us to listen to the calm, clear accents which speak from the far distance. We are in danger, it must be owned, of neglecting the treasures of the past, while, with contracted range of vision and hasty grasp, we care only to seize what lies close within reach as we drift along.

The particular author whose undeserved neglect suggests these remarks, is one whose name at least is well known, if his writings are not. In last year’s exhibition of paintings, not a few among the gazers who crowded the Royal Academy’s rooms were attracted round a small but highly finished picture, which, to say nothing of its other claims to be noticed (and these are considerable with all who can appreciate the delicacy, repose, and careful execution of Mr. Dyce’s manner), certainly stood out in unique contrast to its companions both in subject and coloring. It transported the spectator from the many-colored silks and whispered criticisms of the gay concourse of sightseers to a trim lawn, under the green foliage of spreading limes, beside a smoothly-flowing river. Here we see a solitary figure lost in thought, with half-spread book in hand, pacing slowly with steps timed to the peaceful flow of the stream. His refined, thoughtful cast of features, and grave clerical costume of James the First’s time, together with the fishing-tackle on the bank, guitar resting against the trunk of a tree, and the shapely spire of his dear Salisbury Cathedral rising in the distance, plainly identify him as George Herbert. Although far too

sensible a man to attempt to give such a distracted attention to different things at once, as this collocation of rod, book, and music seems to imply, still these accessories are not out of place, as giving some idea of the extent and variety of Herbert's tastes and pursuits. But the general impression produced by the picture is inadequate. It is rather that of a recluse, a visionary sentimental bookworm, than of a man who combined with the devotion and self-discipline of a Thomas à Kempis, the accomplishments of a perfect gentleman, the genial humor and shrewd, practical sense of a thorough man of the world. Mr. Dyce's picture, while representing well the serenity which Herbert's impetuous nature gained by rigid exercise of self-control and resignation, illustrates only too well the popular misconception, universal among those who know George Herbert only by report. Most persons, we may venture to say, only think of him as, to borrow Mr. Spurgeon's elegant designation of him, "a devout old Puseyite" of the time of the first Stuart, completely estranged from their sympathy, not by the antiquated manners of the period only, but by his own singular austerity of life, and extraordinary self-abnegation. Most persons merely know his poetry by a few lines culled here and there to provoke a smile at their quaintness and want of rhythm. Even among those who cherish with loving reverence the memory of his holy and beautiful life, few are aware—for it needs patient research, undiscouraged by the archaisms of a style strangely dissonant to our modern ears—how high a place he is entitled to, purely on the ground of intellectual ability. Among the rich legacies of literature bequeathed to us from the past, and fast being lost under the accumulating dust of ages, Herbert's "Remains" especially deserve to be rescued from neglect, and restored to a place on our bookshelves and in our hearts. They are valuable, not merely or chiefly to the archaeologist, but intrinsically; and, in particular, at the present time, as containing the antidote to many of the evils incidental to the tendencies of our modern literature. But we must proceed to adduce our reasons for claiming so high a niche in their galleries of worthies for one, of whom probably our readers have hitherto formed a far lower estimate.

In his own century Herbert's writings were popular enough. It is his characteristic of his modesty, or, more strictly speaking, of the victory which he won over his naturally eager and ambitious temperament, that they were all posthumous in publication. The Poems seem to have been written before the "Country Parson." His preface to the latter is dated 1632, the year of his death; and its other name, by which it was more usually known at first, "A Priest to the Temple," seems to indicate that it was conceived in its author's mind as a companion volume to the already existing, though unpublished collection of poems, entitled "The Temple." These poems were evidently not the work of any particular period in his life, but the growth of years; kept under lock and key, according to the wise advice of Horace, until arrived at nonage. "The Temple" was first given to the world in 1633, by Nicholas Ferrar, Herbert's literary executor; under his editorship it was printed by his daughters and other members of his household, or "Protestant Nunnery" as it has been called, at Little Gidding, in Northamptonshire, and then published at Cambridge, after being, of course, formally licensed by the Vice-Chancellor's "imprimatur."* In about forty years, so good Izaak Walton says in 1674, it passed through ten editions, more than twenty thousand copies being sold; a success quite out of proportion to that of the far greater poet, of whose "Paradise Lost," shortly afterwards, only thirteen hundred copies were sold in the first two years, and only three thousand in the first eleven years after its appearance. But the unpopularity of Milton's politics and theology easily explains this disparity, to say nothing of the inevitable repugnance, which even in those laborious days a profoundly learned and recondite epic, in twelve books, would have to encounter in the majority of readers. The "Country Parson"—it is not plain for what cause—was not published till 1652. It would naturally attract scarcely any but professional readers, yet it went through three editions in twenty years. We cannot trace the progress of either volume through succeeding editions.

* Many private papers of George Herbert were lost in the fire at Highnam House, Gloucestershire, the seat of Sir Robert Cook, the second husband of George Herbert's widow.

The men of the eighteenth century were not likely to admire George Herbert. His style was too abrupt and unadorned for their elaborately rounded periods, his religious aspirations too glowing for their decorous conventionalities, his theology too patristic for their latitudinarianism, and, we may add, his thoughts at once too profound and too rudely chiselled for their polished but superficial philosophy. Till Pickering's costly and beautiful edition in 1840—one among many other instances of the good taste and too enterprising spirit of that publisher—there was no complete edition of George Herbert's works. But, as we begun by saying, they were honored among their contemporaries. *Valeat quantum.* Let us try to estimate the worth of that popularity.

The Elizabethan era, towards the close of which George Herbert was born, has been called by some, who prefer its sturdy masculine vigor to the superior refinement of Pope and Addison, the Augustan age in English literature. It resembles rather the last days of the Republic, when the massive intellect of Rome was beginning to appropriate to itself the treasures of Grecian civilization. With equal avidity, and with equal inexperience and awkwardness at first, the great minds of Elizabeth's age, and of that which immediately succeeded it, seized the new stores of intellectual wealth laid open to them by the revival of classical learning, and by frequent intercourse with Italy, then, even more emphatically than ever, the land of art and song. That era may be compared to that delicious season of the year, the "jocund month of May," of which the poets of the time were never weary of singing the praises, combining at once the freshness and transparency of spring with something of the riper loveliness, without the languor of summer. The ruggedness, too, of the literature of those times finds its parallel in the sharp winds of May, of which we, the less hardy descendants of the men who repelled the Armada, are, with the exception of Mr. Kingsley, as his Ode to the East Wind shows, so apt peevishly to complain. It was an age of mother wit, as yet comparatively rude and unpolished, and of learning pursued as yet with too indiscriminating a voracity. The healthy appetite of the giants of those days, uncloyed by modern profusion, delighted in whatever it found, and was discouraged by

no difficulties. We see in George Herbert at times, and more often in Milton and other contemporaries, something which looks at first sight like a pedantic ostentation of learning, but is really the mere exuberance of delight at discovering a vein of hidden ore. The great minds of that day were, after all, the masters, not the slaves, of their learning. Their originality was not stifled nor dwarfed beneath its weight. The very difficulties of the work gave an additional zest to it, and stimulated their faculties to the utmost. The severity of this discipline, for there was no "royal road" to learning then, and few of those appliances which facilitate our journey, rendered whatever knowledge was acquired more real and solid, more thoroughly assimilated to the mind of the learner. To be a "painful scholar" was great praise, and synonymous with being a good one. Books were then scarce and dear, and prized accordingly. When George Herbert wished to buy a new book at College, he was obliged, in spite of his liberal allowance, to "fast for it," as he writes to his father-in-law, Sir John Danvers, in order to indulge himself in so great a luxury. In these days of cheap paper and steam presses, we can hardly conceive the reverence then felt for anything in the shape of a printed book, almost as if a sacred thing. Nor is it easy for us, living in the whirl of incessant communication by the rail, the post office and the telegraph, to throw ourselves back even for a moment into the deliberate movements, not in travelling only, but in speaking, writing, thinking, of the men of those days. As we trace their faded manuscripts, we see in their strong, square penmanship, with every single letter firmly and perfectly defined, the nervous and muscular grasp of the writers. It is the transcript of their character, of their energy, exactitude, perseverance. The succinct and condensed sentences, formal and stiff certainly, yet terser and racier than our comparatively loose and inarticulate style, express the perspicuity and reality, as well as the narrowness and slowness, of their conceptions. Hallam calls that age "the most learned, in the sense in which the word was then taken, that Europe has ever seen." The limitation is important, as reminding us that inductive philosophy was yet in its infancy. The learned were more conversant

with the unchanging laws of mind, inherited through the schoolmen from the Porch and the Academy, than with the fluctuating sciences of the material world. In its own way the learning of the Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan ages was prodigious.

But the peculiar characteristics of that age, which essentially distinguish it from our own, were, as we have already hinted, deliberation, earnestness, concentration of purpose. Men had a more leisurely, and yet a more painstaking way of thinking and acting, and a sense of enjoyment and repose in their work, not easily attainable in these days of high pressure. They could realize better than we the beautiful thought with which Milton consoled himself in the forced inactivity of his blindness,—

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

They could find hours, while we can scarcely spare moments, for undisturbed meditation; a habit of mind as much at variance with our mobile temperament, as the stillness of the old inns of court is unlike the din and turmoil of Fleet Street, which roars outside their gates. The feverish spirit of speculation, which in commerce makes or destroys a fortune in a day, and exercises the same perturbing influence even over our philosophy and literature, was altogether alien to the orderly and scrupulous habits of that age. The advantages of our own day are great, in the triumphal march of physical science, in the vastness of our intellectual horizon, in the richer complexity of our acquirements, and, above all, because the critical faculty is quickened and refined by long experience. But in this very diffuseness of aims there is a great danger. We seem to want that closeness of concentration which stamps the Elizabethan age.

One among the best of our living poets, Mr. Matthew Arnold, in the preface to his volume of poems, complains of the want of "sanity" in modern literature. There is an unnatural straining after originality, and an impatience of authority or control, which too often disfigure even our greatest works. The clever and popular "George Eliot," for example, may be taken as a typical instance in many respects, though not, we may hope, in all, of modern tendencies. The wonderfully graphic delineations of life and character are spoilt by bad taste, an unevenly bal-

anced judgment, and a strange confusion in the ideas of right and wrong. It is a great relief to turn from such unwholesome exhalations of a false and unreal philosophy, to the bright, clear, buoyant atmosphere which Shakspeare and his contemporaries breathed. No wonder that the Elizabethan age attracts so powerfully the sympathies of writers like Mr. Kingsley. They find there a hearty and robust geniality, a manly common-sense, an emancipation from modern subjectivity of thought, such as they delight in, while they are lenient towards the coarseness of speech into which that boyish exuberance of animal spirits was apt to degenerate. It would be great injustice to set down the age of Elizabeth and James as licentious and immoral, on the score of the occasional *grossièreté* of its drama. True, that the continental fashions then being imported from France and Italy, and by the Englishmen who served in great numbers in the debauched camps of the Low Countries, tended to corrupt the court. If we may judge from Howel's gossiping letters, Lord Dalgarno, in Scott's "Nigel," is no unfair sample of its profligacy. But this laxity of morals did not taint the great bulk of the nation—the country gentry living at home on their own estates, the stalwart yeomen of the country, the staid citizens of the towns. At no other period, perhaps, was the "middle-class" (using that vague term to embrace both professions and trades), so generally sound at the core. Never was our commerce at once so daringly enterprising and so strictly honorable: never was the sanctity and happiness of domestic life so fully realized. Accustomed, as we are, to the pert slang of "governor" for father, and accustomed, it must be owned, to relegate our religion too exclusively, to one day in seven, we of this century may smile as we read of grown-up sons, high in office, making lowly obeisance at meeting father or mother, and may wonder that the constant presence of a chaplain was almost a matter of course in every large household. We are so used to see the common recreations of our working man of a low and debasing kind, that we can hardly realize the fact, that almost every family circle in those days in all classes, from the highest to the lowest, could while away the long bright summer evenings in the open air, or the dull after-

noons in winter round the hearth, with glee, and round and madrigal; each age and sex bearing its own part in the manifold harmony of the strain. There is something lost in all this. The Spartan-like deference for old age, the sense of religion as interwoven with the daily affairs of life, the love of music, with leisure to enjoy its cheering and elevating influences,* these are habits which no nation can well afford to lose.

But we must return to George Herbert. We have dwelt at length on the characteristics of his age, not merely to show cause why the verdict of his contemporaries should not be set aside as valueless, but also because the man and the age cannot be separated. He is, at the same time, a result of his age in some degree, and one of the efficient causes of it; being himself modified by its circumstances, while contributing to make it what it is. For this reason we must pause for a few moments longer, to count the long list of illustrious names which that age unrolls.

It was an age fertile in great men. Spenser was writing his "Faery Queene" just about the time of George Herbert's birth. Raleigh's brilliant but erratic career reached its unhappy close while Herbert was public orator at Cambridge. While holding that office, and dividing his time as he did between the Court and the University, Herbert must have had frequent opportunities of seeing and hearing on the stage the marvellous creations of Shakspeare's genius, then in all the freshness of their first appearance. More exactly coëval with Herbert were Milton, and a galaxy of stars in the poetic firmament of far lesser magnitude and feebler lustre, of whom only a few scattered rays penetrate to us through the intervening mist of years, Daniel, Quarles, Wither, Drummond, Sandys, Suckling, and others. In theology there were Usher, Chillingworth, Hammond, Andrewes, Sanderson, and Hall, a strong array; in philosophy Hobbes and Selden; in jurisprudence Coke and Hale; in political life the Cecils, and many other truly sagacious statesmen; and, last in our enumeration, but foremost in philosophy, in law, and in

affairs of state, the great Lord Bacon. We may add to the list Burton, whose "Anatomy of Melancholy" is no bad sample of the quaint and miscellaneous erudition then in repute. But the drama was the distinguishing glory of those days. Then flourished, in the words of Southey, "a race of dramatic writers, which no age and no country has ever equalled." Ben Jonson, the founder of the English "comedy of manners," and, inferior only to him, in Hallam's judgment, Massinger; with Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, Shirley. Such were Herbert's contemporaries; some of them, as Bacon,* Andrewes, Sanderson, his intimate personal friends; as were also Lord Pembroke, his kinsman, one of the chief actors in the important work of colonizing Virginia, and governing the rising colony; Donne, Cotton, Ferrar, and Sir Henry Wotton, all men of no common ability, highly cultivated, and of a still more uncommon moral excellence. Certainly it was a rich soil, prolific of a healthy and luxuriant vegetation, the age in which George Herbert found himself.

It is impossible to approach Herbert's writing in an unprejudiced state of mind, unless we first form a just conception of the writer. When the reader feels that he is addressed by one who has a claim on his attention, he is alive to beauties that might otherwise be unnoticed, less on the look-out for faults, can afford to overlook a few blemishes of style here and there—in a word, brings himself into that conformity of feeling with his author, which all artists exact by right as indispensable. Without this *provisional* sympathy, and even deference, no one can be a fair critic. We must divest ourselves at once of the vulgar notion of George Herbert. Far from being a mere devotee, planted on his solitary column in unnatural isolation, inaccessible to his fellow-men, he was emphatically a man of social sympathies, sustained and directed upwards by the entire devotion of his heart to heaven, as the tendrils of a vine are taught to ascend by the elm round which it clings. He loved to watch the "quidquid agunt" of men, their business and pleasures, not with the contemptuous indifference of a Stoic or Epi-

* It was well said in an admirable article on "Music," since reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*, that the Elizabethan music is full of "sound piety, broad fun, perfect freedom of speech, and capital eating and drinking."

* Lord Bacon dedicated some metrical psalms to George Herbert; "and usually," says Walton, "desired his approbation, before he would expose any book of his to be printed."

curean, but as being all, if duly regulated, component parts in the order and beauty of the universe. Gifted himself with rare natural advantages, he neither neglected nor misused them. Excepting good health (for he was constitutionally delicate, and, in particular, subject to painful and weakening attacks of the ague, then far more prevalent and serious than in our days of good draining), hardly one of fortune's gifts was wanting. He was born of a family noble in the truest sense of the word; for the name of Herbert was eminent then, as now, for the high character of those who bore it, with the difference that modern civilization has elicited a more peaceful application of the same high spirit which distinguished the "fighting men and men of renown," of whom Lord Herbert of Cherbury, with his usual complacency, reckons not a few among his ancestors. Well born and well bred, with a very prepossessing exterior,* with accomplishments of many kinds, and a sweetness of disposition that could not fail to win and retain friends, with abilities that raised him to one of the highest posts in the University at the early age of twenty-five, he started in the race of life with a bright prospect of success before him. His only fault, according to his brother, Lord Herbert, was that he was naturally quick tempered, "not exempt from passion and choler;" and Walton tells us, that "if in his undergraduate life he expressed any error, it was that he kept himself too much retired, and at too great a distance from his inferiors; and his clothing seemed to prove that he set too great a value on his parts and parentage." His allowance at college, we gather from his letters, though liberal, was not always sufficient for his rather expensive habits. Certainly in his after life, as the "country parson," denying himself in every way for his parishioners, identifying himself with their homely lives, and lending a patient ear to every poor old woman who came with a story of distress, we see no traces of this reserve or exclusiveness, natural as it was to his fastidious delicacy of taste. He was the youngest but one of seven brothers, all men of note, and all

* One of his biographers, Archdeacon Oley, 1852, describes his person, in rather ludicrous terms, as "a conglomeration of elegancies, and set of rarities to the beholder," and speaks of "his exquisite carriage."

apparently marked by a strong family likeness in high spirit and ability. The eldest, who raised himself to the rank of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, is well known to this day for his versatile talents as diplomatist and philosopher. The two next, Richard and William, after receiving a liberal education, served with distinction in the Low Countries, and were renowned according to the punctilious code of honor then in force, as duellists, Richard carrying twenty-four wounds with him to his grave at Bergenopzoom. Charles died young, a Fellow of New College. These four were George Herbert's seniors. But he seems to have been more closely drawn to the brother next after himself in age, who afterwards became Sir Henry, a favorite at court, at one time "Master of the Revels," and of course, like all the fine gentlemen of the day, famous in "affairs of honor." The youngest, Thomas, was a brave sailor. The brother of such men was not likely to be a bookworm.

George Herbert's naturally high spirits are evident in the few letters which remain, mostly belonging to the early part of his life. They are chiefly addressed from Cambridge to his brother Henry, and are very racy, considering the stiffness of letter writing then in vogue. It is an instance of the chivalrous respect then paid to ladies, that while signing himself to Henry "your loving brother," he is "your loving brother and servant" to his poor sick sister Elizabeth, wife of Sir Henry Jones. Writing to his brother at Paris, he tells him, "be covetous of all good, which you see in Frenchmen, in knowledge, in fashion, in words; and particularly in that 'wittiness of speech' which has always been a specialty of that nation. Let there be no kind of excellency which it is possible for you to attain to, which you seek not."

About the same date he writes from Cambridge of having "some forty businesses on hand," and with equal relish of "the gaynesses" incident to his office of public orator. In those days the Universities were in close communication with the court, and to be distinguished at Oxford or Cambridge was a sure passport in political life. The office of "public orator" was especially valued as an introduction to the court; and a bright vista in that direction was opening

itself to the young scholar-courtier.* At first he hailed it gladly. Looking back afterwards on those sunny days from his quiet parsonage at Bemerton, he says:—

—“my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town.”

But it is not in the tone of vain regret. He thanks the guiding Providence which diverted him by his bad health from the glittering prizes of that highway to greatness to the “fallentis semita vite,” in which he was to serve God and his country. His intention of taking Holy Orders was clearly an afterthought; but that of leading a strictly religious life, even in the midst of secular avocations, clearly was not. He was not one of those, who, as Carlyle expresses it, “go through a mud-bath in youth, in order to come out clean.” The dedication of all his powers to their highest use, whatever his way of life might be, at Court or in the University, was his fixed purpose from first to last, formed in very early life, and never laid aside for a moment, even in his “fierce” youth, “eager, hot, and undertaking,” as he himself describes it. In his first year at Cambridge he complains, “many love-poems are daily writ and consecrated to Venus, few that look towards God and Heaven.” His delicate health was, no doubt, one cause that determined him to retire from the stirring scene of the Court. But he was also moved by a strong longing to raise the country clergy from the low estimation in which they were generally held, as the coffee-house squibs of that day show too plainly. Oley attributes this contempt of the clergy partly to the too indiscriminate admission of candidates first into the Universities, and thence into Holy Orders—for, as perhaps sometimes happens now, testimonials were given too much as a mere form—and partly to the general poverty of the country clergy, and the dearth of men of high family among them. It was a common thing then for their children to be apprenticed to trades. Herbert’s “Country Parson” is described as “taking care not to put his children into vain trades, nor unbefitting the reverence of their father’s calling, such as taverns for men and lacemaking for women.” Elsewhere chaplains are warned against being

* Oley says, “he might have had a secretary of state’s place, like other orators.”

“over submissive and cringing,” and the rural clergy against haunting alehouses and taverns.”* Herbert resolved to set himself to rescue the high vocation of the clergy from this loss of caste and consequent loss of influence.

But it was not without a severe inward struggle that he decided on that renunciation of pursuits, otherwise innocent, which the consecration of a man’s life to the work of the ministry demands. If he came late to the work, he did not come empty-handed. Crowned with academical honors, and graced with the prestige of high social position, he brought his abilities, his reputation, his prospect of worldly success, and freely devoted them all to the work. He could truly say in a short poem, called “The Pearl,” that he knew the ways of learning, the ways of honor, the ways of pleasure, of love, of wit, of music, and, as Walton adds, “he knew on what terms he renounced all these for the service of his Master.” In another poem, “The Quip,” he personifies “Beauty, Money, Glorie, and Wit,” as severally assailing him with railleury for his neglect of their fascinations; to each and all he replies by turning to his heavenly Master:—

“But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.”

Not as one seeking in the cool shadow of the Church a refuge from the glare of worldly disappointments, but with humble thankfulness, as feeling unworthy of the office, he undertook the responsibilities of the ministry. After retiring for a year to his brother Henry’s house in Kent, there to pause before taking the irrevocable step, he was ordained deacon in 1625; and after four years passed in deacon’s orders (for he imposed on himself this unusually long period of probation, and his diffidence was hardly overcome at last by the persuasions of Lord Pembroke and Laud, then Bishop of London), he was ordained priest, and appointed to the small rectory of Bemerton, in 1630, being then in his thirty-seventh year. His resolutions, formed on the eve of induction,

* Clearly it was not their poverty so much as their low tastes and pursuits that degraded them. The circumstances of the present day seem imperatively to require that neither low birth, nor scanty means, nor even a less perfect education than usual for gentlemen, should stand in the way of the admission of fit persons into holy orders, at least into the diaconate, for missionary work at home and abroad.

and the rules which he then laid down for himself, are recorded by Walton. We must extract part of them. "I beseech that God, who hath honored me so much as to call me to serve at his altar, that as by his special grace he hath put into my mind these good desires and resolutions, so he will by his assisting grace give me ghostly strength to bring the same to good effect. And I beseech him that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others as to bring glory to my Jesus, whom I have this day taken to be my master and governor. And I am so proud^d of his service, that I will always observe and do his will; and will always call him *Jesus my Master*. And I will always condemn my birth or any title or dignity that can be conferred on me, when I shall compare them with my title of being a priest, and serving at the altar of *Jesus my Master*." In one of his poems he turns again and again with fresh delight to these words:—

"How sweetly doth '*my Master*' sound '*my Master*.'"

With all his self-discipline and devotion George Herbert was not a man to be happy alone. Some little time before this crisis in his life he married a daughter of Mr. Danvers (a name well known in the county), of Bainton, in Wilts, a member of the same family as Lord Danby. It was a very short courtship. Walton naively says, "she changed her name into Herbert on the third day after their first interview." But, to say nothing of love at first sight, their families were already connected, and they had heard so much of each other through friends, that they met for the first time not as strangers, but as if long acquainted. "They wooed so like princes," Walton explains, "as to have select proxies, such as were true friends to both parties." One is reminded for a moment of Richard Hooker and his extraordinary marriage. But the cases are quite different. That learned, but, for once, *injudicious* divine, simply acquiesced in the choice of the landlady of his lodgings, who took the opportunity of nominating her own daughter. The proof of marriage is of course in its consequences. Every one knows how poor Hooker was found by a former pupil vainly endeavoring to give his mind to the great treatise which he had on hand, while rocking the

cradle amid the oburgations of his Xantippe. But Herbert's married life was singularly happy. His wife proved herself worthy of such a husband.

The rest of his life is soon told. For little more than two years he lived and worked among his parishioners, and then his short, but useful and happy life, was closed by a deathbed in perfect unison with all that had preceded it, serene and hopeful as a cloudless sunset. Two years and three months may seem a disproportionate space of time for his work in the ministry, after so long and so careful preparation for it. But it is not for us to call his death premature. To himself the old adage may safely be applied—"his wings were grown;" and, as for his work, it was ended. "Non diu sed multum vixit." His contemporaries complained that "he lost himself in that humble way," while devoting his energies to that obscure little parish. But his influence, in forming the highest type of Christian character for laity as well as clergy, has been extended, by his example and writings, far beyond the narrow limits of that little parish on Salisbury Plain, with its "twenty cottages" and "less than a hundred and twenty souls"—far beyond the age in which he lived.

It is not difficult, from hints contained in Walton's life, and in his own sketches of the ideal "country parson," to form a tolerably complete idea of Herbert's daily life at Bemerton. The picture is a delightful one. His little church has lately been restored at great cost by the munificence of a lady worthy to bear the name, which he and others like him have ennobled in the highest sense of the word. As it stood in his day, with its low dove-cote-like bell turret and narrow irregular windows, it must have been very like the homely but picturesque little churches which may still be seen often enough in Herefordshire, lingering amid other vestiges of the past in that old-fashioned district, and bearing witness, by their contrast to the stately structures of the eastern counties, to the inferiority of western England in wealth and population. The romantic hills and dingles of Herefordshire are certainly as unlike as can be to the gently undulating plain about Bemerton. But there is, perhaps, no county which, at the present time, so nearly realizes the truly pastoral relation which subsisted two centu-

ries ago between a country parson and his people. In spite of the close vicinity of rampant Dissent in Wales, the old traditional respect for the Church and the clergy is still half-unconsciously cherished there among the peasantry and farmers; while each little parish seems to constitute only one large family, as described in Herbert's "Country Parson," with the parson himself acting in *propria persona*—not as in towns, through the mediation of curates and committees—the head and centre of everything that is going on, not excepting even the lesser and more trivial affairs of common life. In a little world of this sort we may imagine the poet-rector, loving and beloved by his flock, and revered by them not only for his office, but for his rank, learning, and sanctity—holding much the same position among them as the late Augustus Hare in his little parish on another of the Wiltshire plains. Herbert brought all the weight of his personal advantages to bear on his work, incommensurate to his powers, as it may seem, in worldly appreciation. He made his knowledge of the Platonic dialogues useful in the public catechising of the young people in church—a practice on which he set great store—borrowing the method of the sage, "who taught the world as one would teach a child." He used to entertain all his parishioners in turn at his Sunday dinner-table, welcoming the poorest with an especial share of that high-bred courtesy for which he was eminent even in a day when the etiquette of chivalry was still observed, and "the grand manner" was more common among gentlemen than it is now. We may fancy him seated in his study, digesting his omnigenous stores of learning into a large common-place book—so he advises in "The Country Parson"—but turning at any moment from the congenial occupation to encourage any poor applicant for relief, who came to unfold a simple story of petty anxieties. His influence with the higher classes, always less amenable to such an influence, was as great as with the poor. "There was not a man in his way," writes Oley, "*be he of what rank he would*, that spoke awry in order to God, but Herbert would wipe his mouth (!) with a modest, grave, and Christian reproof." He had a singular graciousness in reproving—always a disagreeable

task—"a dexterity in sweetening this art;" a gentle yet uncompromising manner; a delicate tact in guiding conversation, which is wanting in persons of equal zeal, but less discretion. The eighteenth chapter of the "Country Parson" gives some idea of this suavity and tenderness with unflinching firmness of manner; and, if such an art can be imparted by any rules, it may be by those laid down in the "Church Porch." Walton tells a story, illustrative of Herbert's winning manner, of his gaining a lasting influence for good over a gentleman living in Salisbury, by a short, casual conversation as they walked together, being previously unacquainted, on the road to that city. There must have been an irresistible charm about him, not the result of merely outward polish, but of innate sweetness of disposition and unselfishness, disciplined by the "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-distrust," which were the results of his religion. It is no wonder that his flock followed him willingly, instead of being driven. "When Mr. Herbert's Saints' bell [Sanctus-bell ?] rang to prayers," his neighbors, rich, and poor, loved to resort to the little chapel adjoining his house, where the Church-service was daily performed "at the canonical hours of ten and four." Men "would leave their plow to rest awhile, that they might offer their devotions to God with him, and then return to their work." In our days of busy competition, even George Herbert would find it difficult to collect a large congregation in a small rural parish on a week-day. Herbert describes the country parson as observing the stated times of fasting and abstinence. The passage is characteristic of the man and his age. "As Sunday is his day of joy, so is Friday his day of mortification, which he observes not only with abstinence of diet, but also of company, recreation, all other outward contentments; and besides, with confession of sins and all acts of humiliation." It was the general practice then. Of late years many religious persons have been deterred by fear of an observance which, more easily, perhaps, than any other, degenerates into formalism; while persons less serious have been only too glad to be freed from its restraint. Plainly, with George Herbert, it was no mere "*opus operatum*." There was no idea of anything meritorious in it. It was an ethi-

cal discipline for relieving the "divine particula auræ" from the depressing burden of the "corpus onustum." His remarks in the tenth chapter show that he felt the obligation in the spirit rather than in the letter. "If a piece of dry flesh at my table be more unpleasant to me than some fish there, certainly, to eat the flesh and not the fish, is to keep the fast-day naturally." He goes on to say that fasting must never interfere with health, the preservation of sound mind in sound body being a paramount duty. We have dwelt at some length on this point, because the idea of Herbert and his contemporaries would be incomplete without it.

George Herbert was not one of those who sacrifice common every day duties to those of a more directly religious kind, and who are so intent on the far distance as, in their abstraction, to be unconscious of the ground under their feet. The good parson is portrayed as exercising a general supervision, even over those departments of the household which do not usually belong to the "pater-familias" to regulate. The following passage is very quaint. "As he is just in all things, so he is to his wife also, counting nothing so much his own as that he may be unjust to it. Therefore he gives her respect both afore her servants and others, and half, at least, of the government of the house, reserving so much of the affairs as [may] serve for a diversion for him; yet never so giving over the reins but that he sometimes looks how things go, demanding an account, *but not by the way of an account.*"

His religion was not something distinct from the daily routine of life; it penetrated and ruled every action. If beggars, for example, come for alms, the parson takes the opportunity, before giving, of making them say their prayers, or the Creed, or the Ten Commandments; and as he finds them perfect, so rewards them the more." His own household was managed in the same spirit. The tie between master and servant was closer and more affectionate then:—"Besides the common prayers of the family, the parson straitly requires of all to pray by themselves, before they sleep at night and stir out in the morning, and knows what prayers they say, and *till they have learned them makes them kneel by him.*" Herbert knew well the truth of Michael Angelo's great saying, "These trifles make up per-

fection; and perfection itself is no trifle." His devotion, being sober and unfanatical, never obscured the homelier duties of life. When some friend objected that he was spending too much in almsgiving, he could answer that "a competent maintenance was secured to his wife after his death." His parish never made him forgetful of friends or relatives.

"Meliorne amicus, sponsus, an pastor gregis
Incertum est,"

is the verdict of Dean Duport.

To complete our sketch, inadequate at the best, of George Herbert, at Bemerton, we must think of him as gracefully unbending at times from the tension of work, and joining in such social recreations as accorded with his profession. Twice a week, after walking in to Salisbury for the cathedral service, which it was "his heaven upon earth" to attend, he would spend part of the evening "at some private musical meeting, where he would usually sing and play his part." We may imagine him, as really happened once, stopping on his walk, "like the good Samaritan, and putting off his canonical coat to help a poor man with a poorer horse that was fallen under his load." He arrived in Salisbury in such a state that his musical friends there "began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and neat, came into that company so soiled and discomposed." We may fancy him, rod in hand, strolling along the river side, one of the "gentle anglers" whom his friend Walton commemorates, shaping into verse his sacred meditations. Certainly a life like this, in which work and rest, self-discipline and natural impulse, secular duties and heavenly aspirations, are blended into harmonious unity, as in one of those rich strains of music, now grave, now joyous, but always duly measured, which he loved to follow; a life in which the coarser threads of existence are inextricably intertwined with, and transfigured by the radiance of, the more ethereal filaments; in which the calmness and equanimity which the Roman poet vainly longed for seems attained; is the highest and most complete development of human nature possible on earth. Monastic seclusion may secure peace by eliminating the elements of discord. "They make desolation and call it peace." A life like Herbert's

calls into action all the component parts of our organization, and consecrates them severally to their appointed use.

It is his largeness of mind, quickness of sympathy, and practical sense, that we have been especially endeavoring to illustrate in George Herbert, for of his learning and piety there can be no question. We commend his life and works to the admirers of "muscular Christianity." True, Herbert had no share in Mr. Kingsley's horror of anything like asceticism, nor so unreserved a confidence in the undisciplined impulses of nature; still, they agree well in the warm appreciation of whatever is noble and beautiful, whether in the moral or material universe, and particularly in the great truth that the work and excellence of man lies *in* the world and not *out* of it, and has a fruition in this life, though not in this life only. We might often fancy that we are reading the more didactic parts of "Westward Ho!" or "Two Years Ago," in the genial, plain-spoken, thoroughly fresh and real moralizings of Herbert. Some few extracts we must give (for his condensed wisdom loses much by dilution), chiefly those bearing on the secular aspects of life. In the "Parson's Survey," not of his own parish only, but of what is now called "the spirit of the times," for the good parson is described as being also a good citizen, Herbert speaks of idleness among the young nobility as the "great national sin of the times." It seems to have been one of the newest fashions imported from France and Italy; as Shakespeare writes of a lackadaisical youth—

"For I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be sad as night;
And all for wantonness."

To remedy this evil (one not peculiar to that century), Herbert prescribes manly occupations. He recommends the young nobility to learn farming; to act as magistrates; to study civil law, the basis of international relations, and therefore especially useful to statesmen and diplomatists; to improve themselves by travelling abroad; "to ride the great horse"—that is, to acquire the accomplishments of the tiltyard. No doubt, if alive now, he would add the rifle corps to his list. His wisdom is not of a cloistered tone. On the other hand, it is far removed from the sharp practice of mere worldlings. It is, like the prudential

maxims of the Book of Proverbs or Ecclesiasticus, the identification of duty with expediency. The "Church Porch," an introduction in verse to the other poems, reminds the reader of the best parts of Horace's Satires, not less by its "pedestrian muse," than by its shrewd wit and graceful pleasantry. It abounds in pithy sayings, such as may give a man not the manners only, but the principles and feelings of a true gentleman. Mr. Willmott well says, "The 'Church Porch' is a little handbook of rules for the management of temper, conversation, and business. Every child [?] ought to get it by heart." Here is good advice tersely given:—

"Pitch thy behavior low, thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be."

Here is a word for the over-sensitive:—

"Think not thy fame at every twitch will break.
By great deed show that thou canst little do;
Then do them not."

Beneath all the lighter raillery lies a profound vein of sentiment, the utterances of which sound like the voice of that great and wise king, who tried all things under the sun, and found them vanity. It is this keen sense of the ridiculous, as well as of the awful side of human life, which Shakespeare so well portrays in the melancholy Hamlet, and in the cheerier Pantagruelism of the young prince, the future hero of Agincourt. Herbert, in the same way, was one of the few who can realize at once the utter nothingness of even the greatest affairs of this life in one point of view, and the immeasurable importance of even the most trivial as forming the moral destiny. It is characteristic of him, that he translated the sensible little treatise on "Temperance and Sobriety" of Ludovicus Cornarus, known to Italian scholars as Luigi Cornaro, of Padua; a delightful sketch of a hale and hearty old age, with rules for attaining it. Herbert seems to have had a peculiar aptness, both by nature and education, for casuistry; not for hair-splitting and sophistries, but for the "noble art," as he rightly calls it, of solving the perplexing cases of conscience which occur every day. His way of cutting these knots, or rather of disentangling them, is thoroughly English. It is the evidence of a healthy moral sense, practised in logic, but with its own unerring instincts unblunted.

A few examples must suffice. He shows when it is wrong, and when not, to take usury—to inform against a neighbor—to omit customary acts of devotion; how far tears and other physical accompaniments of contrition are really essential or only accidental to it—how persons may test their motives in seeking preferment. On the question which often perplexes the benevolent, of giving relief to unworthy applicants, he advises to give *most* to those of best character, but *something* to any in distress; for evident miseries "have a natural privilege and exemption from all laws." His "proverbs," some apparently his own, others merely collected by him, which the reader will find among his greater works under the title of "*Jacula Prudentum*," leave hardly anything in life untouched. We quote at hazard two of the pithiest:—

"Marry your *son* when you *will*, your *daughter* when you *can*."

"Buy at a fair, sell at home."

We refer our readers to the rest, if they value the guidance of Herbert's aphorisms in the mazes of life.

The "*Country Parson*" is, of course, the book by which Herbert is best known. Though intended primarily for the clergy, it is a book to delight readers of any profession by the charming series of portraits which it unfolds of the good pastor in almost every conceivable attitude and grouping.* Oley, in his day, feared only that an ideal so faultless "would make the laity discontented." There can be no danger of this, now that so many of the clergy strive to raise themselves to Herbert's high standard. The literary merits, too, of the book are great. There is no fine writing in it; there are no grand passages. But the language throughout is choice, scholarlike, and equable; singularly simple, exact, and terse; above all, it is in perfect keeping with the ideas to be conveyed. If, indeed, the great thing in style is, as Aristotle teaches, to be "clear and pleasing," if the language ought to fit as closely yet easily to its ideas as a well-made dress to the limbs, then Herbert's prose must be ranked high. It is like a well-dressed

* There is one curious omission. Not a word is said on the delicate relation between incumbent and curate. A chapter on the "*Parson and his Curate*" would have been useful to both parties. Herbert's silence on this point is the more surprising, from his having had a curate himself.

person. The reader is unconscious where its charm lies; but if he change a word, or the place of a word, or add or take away anything, he discovers how exquisite, yet to all appearance, unstudied, is the composition. In this "*curiosa felicitas*," Herbert's style resembles that of his friend, Lord Bacon. It is entirely free from the euphuism then in fashion at court, and its graceful ease is the more remarkable, considering the ponderous manner of the learned men of the day. Hallam, in his "*History of Literature*," passes by the "*Country Parson*" too summarily. While allowing to it the faint phrase of being "*a pleasing little book*," he objects that "*its precepts are sometimes so overstrained according to our notions as to give an appearance of affectation*." So much the worse, then, for us and "*our notions*." But a book on the life and habits of a country parson was not much in Hallam's way; nor was he likely, from the associations which environed him, to free himself from an unintentional prejudice against the theological school, in which, according to his "*notions*," Herbert would be classed. To the charge of being "*overstrained*," it is enough to answer that the precepts in question were laid down by the author as "*rules and resolutions*" for his own guidance. "He set the form and character of a true pastor," he says, "*as high as he could, for himself to aim at*;" and he practised what he taught. Many useful manuals for the clergy have been written lately, testifying to their revived earnestness in their professional duties: Evans' "*Bishopric of Souls*," Oxenden's "*Pastoral Office*," Monro's "*Parochial Work*," Heygate's "*Ember Thoughts*," Bishop Wilberforce's "*Ordination Addresses*," and Blunt's admirable "*Lectures on the Parish Priest*." But the "*Country Parson*" can never be superseded. Short as it is and unassuming, it is inexhaustible in its suggestiveness. Walton says, "*He that can spare 12*d.* and yet wants a book so full of plain, prudent, and useful rules, is scarcely excusable*." It will never be obsolete. Here and there may occur something inapplicable to modern usages. Now that the ties of neighborhood are less binding, it is not likely that, "*in case of any calamity by fire or famine to a parish*," all the inhabitants of an adjoining parish would go in procession, with the parson at their head, "*to carry their collection*

of arms themselves, to cheer the afflicted." Nor would it be generally practicable now, though something similar is customary in some hotels, for the "parson on journey" to assemble his fellow-travellers "in the hall of the inn" for family prayers, "with a due blessing of God for their safe arrival." Still, in both cases, the principle holds good. Generally, his advice may be taken literally. His advice, for example, on the way of re-proving, is as true now as then, and much needed by many zealous young clergymen. "Those whom he finds idle or ill-employed, he chides *not at first*, for that were neither civil nor profitable, but always *in the close*, before he departs from them: yet in this he distinguisheth; for if it be a plain countryman, he reproveth him plainly, for they are not sensible of fineness; if they be of higher quality they commonly are quick and sensible, and very tender of reproof, and therefore he lays his discourse so that he comes to the point very leisurely, and oftentimes as Nathan did, in the person of another, making them to reprove themselves." Again, his remarks on reading the prayers in church are very seasonable, while complaints are heard continually of the bad elocution of the clergy; of their "gabbling" in one church, of their "drawing" and "mouthing" in another. The parson's manner is thus described:—"His voice is humble, the words treatable [*sic*] and slow; yet not so slow as to let the fervency of the supplicant hang and die between speaking; but with a grave earnestness between fear and zeal, *pausing, yet pressing*, he performs his duty." We would not, however, recommend our clerical readers to follow him implicitly, when he assigns no less than "one full hour" as the time not to be exceeded in preaching; for the diffusion of books has changed the functions of the pulpit. There are preachers who may profit by his advice against over-analyzing a text. The old story of "let us *tap this 'but'*" finds its counterpart in some pulpits in our day. On the difficulties of parochial work, there is much to be learnt from the "Country Parson;" for example, on avoiding the danger of bribing the poor into an unreal profession of religion, while rewarding the most deserving.

One of the most beautiful and characteristic chapters in the book is "the parson on Sunday." In the description of Sunday as

a joyous, as well as holy day, equally free from the interruption of worldly cares, and from the dull vacuity and gloom of ultrasabbatarians, we see the cheerfulness of his religion. "On the Sunday before his death," writes Walton, "he rose suddenly from his couch, called for one of his instruments, and having tuned it, he played and sang—

"The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King."

Very beautiful, again, is the chapter on "the parson in contempt." Few, if any clergymen can expect to go through their pastoral duties without incurring some degree of obloquy; too often in proportion to their fidelity to their charge. Those who

"feel bowed to earth
By thankless toil, and vile esteemed,"

may gather strength from Herbert's picture of a man, naturally sensitive like himself, raised above the susceptibility of injuries or affronts, "showing that reproaches touch him no more than a stone thrown against heaven, *where he is and lives*." But it is endless to make extracts. We must refer our readers to the book itself. Only one word more for the younger clergy, and we have done. They are in danger of becoming too much absorbed in their secular duties, of growing shallow and fussy, amid the countless distractions incidental to these days of penny magazines and penny savings' banks. They may learn from the "Country Parson," with his huge "body of divinity, a book digested by himself out of writers old and new; the store house of his sermons," that they must rescue some portion of every day from secular avocations, however laudable, as may be better discharged by lay agency, in order, by patient study, to lay a solid foundation of learning, especially in that great province of knowledge which is peculiarly their own.

Herbert's contributions to our controversial theology are less than might be expected from so learned and profound a theologian. He was naturally averse to publishing; and many of his manuscript papers were lost in the fire at Highnam House; besides, his early death may have prevented more. All that remains is gold, fine and unalloyed. In his short preface to his friend Ferrar's edition of the "Divine Considerations of John

Valdesso"—the companion of Charles V., first in his campaigns, afterwards in his retirement from the world—he touches cursorily, but with a master hand, on several of the great questions now agitating men's minds in England, his candor and comprehensiveness of intellect, and what may be called philosophical intuition, qualifying him peculiarly to answer such doubts and difficulties as are propounded in the "Essays and Reviews," so far as they came before him. He is so free from the conventionalities of religious phraseology, so philosophical, so calmly judicial, and, at the same time, so thoroughly real and earnest in his convictions, that whatever falls from him in defence of received truths carries no slight weight. Thus, while expressing the deepest reverence for the written Word of God as unfathomable in its meaning, or, to use his own words, "ever teaching more and more," he does not shrink from using the plainest language about such actions there recorded even of eminent saints, as would be censured in ordinary men. But he adds, "it is one thing not to judge, another to defend them." It is not, however, by passages directly bearing on the questions mooted in "Essays and Reviews," so much as by his general characteristics as a theologian, that Herbert's writings afford a solution of them. What especially marks his theology is, that reverence and free thought go hand in hand. He applies his consummate powers of reasoning to the question discussed, not as if himself standing aloof from it, or merely theorizing on paper, but with intense personal conviction, and as qualifying the laws of thought by the plain dictates of common sense and common morality. He seems capable of realizing a mystery, without its mysterious nature evanescing in his grasp. Whatever truth, however abstruse, he handles, ceases to be a mere bodiless abstraction, and becomes a living reality. Thus, with him every article of the Creeds is a substantial unity, incorporated into his very existence. Though well versed in all the philosophy of the schools, there are no cobwebs of idle speculation in his reasoning to be brushed aside, before arriving at the truth. All is real, definite, actual, so far as regards the knowledge attainable by man; beyond that he does not presume to pronounce. His superiority to that habit of mind which wastes

its energies in objectless unsatisfying speculation, and his repugnance to the intrusion of unauthorized definitions and dogmatizings into the illimitable field of heavenly mysteries, are evidenced in these lines. He is speaking of—

"Divinities' transcendent sky,
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve;
Reason triumphs, and faith lies by.

"Could not that wisdom, which first broacht
the wine,
Have thickened it with definitions?
And jagged his seamlesse coat, had that been
fine,
With curious questions and divisions?"

"Love God, and love your neighbor. Watch and
pray.
Do as you would be done unto.
O dark instructions, e'en as dark as day!
Who can these Gordian knots undo?"

It is the combination in Herbert's character of the practical and imaginative elements which renders him so eminently and thoroughly English.

He was by no means a partisan in theology. His orthodoxy was not of a partial and exclusive cast. He was one who would have symbolized heartily with the "Evangelical" party in the fulness of their assertion of justification by faith: only, without losing sight of the other great truths handed down from apostolic times. He assents freely to Valdesso insisting on the supreme importance of faith; only adding, that from real faith all other graces are sure to spring. The words, "I am less than the least of thy mercies," were ever in his thoughts and prayers. When his friends round his death bed were reminding him of some good deeds which he had done, he replied, "Not good unless sprinkled by the blood of Jesus." He seems to have been as far removed from Arminian self-righteousness as from the license of the Antinomians. Perhaps nothing better, in small compass, has ever been written on the great problem, how to reconcile free will and grace, than his lines, which begin—

"Lord, thou art mine, and I am thine."

Again, on the vexed question of election, these few words speak volumes: "The thrusting away of God's arm doth alone (and nothing else) make us not loved by him." It is a great loss that no copy remains of his "Letter on Predestination," which Bishop Andrewes valued so highly, that he always

carried it "in his bosom." Herbert was one of the few who can appreciate the manifold aspects of every question as it may be regarded on this side or on that. He resembles Pascal in many ways; in fine wit, in profound, yet clear insight, in freedom from the narrowness of party spirit. His short poem against the invocation of saints is a remarkable instance of feeling duly balanced by judgment. He protests, elsewhere also, against Romanist errors, but always with temperance and consideration. No one need be surprised to find George Herbert identifying Papal Rome with Babylon, as if the matter did not admit of question. It was the way of his generation: a fact, which exposes the fallacy of an assertion, too often allowed to pass unchallenged, that the Reformers clung to the old tenets, and would have made a more sweeping reformation if living in these days. But this is not the place to pursue these theological questions. It is enough to repeat what no student of George Herbert's remains will deny, that it would not be easy to find a more perfect representative than in him of the spirit of our English theology as embodied in our English Prayer Book.

It remains to speak of Herbert's poetry. As might be expected, we find it almost ignored by critics like Ellis and Warton. "Apagē sus; non tibi spiro." The former, in his "Specimens of the Early English Poetry," superciliously dismisses Herbert with a labored antithesis, which betrays equal ignorance of the facts of Herbert's life and of the most salient features in his character. "Nature intended him for a knight-errant, but disappointed ambition made him a saint!" Any one less Quixotic than George Herbert, or less like a man soured by worldly disappointment, can hardly be conceived. Warton, in a strange confusion of metaphors, speaks of Pope "judiciously collecting gold from the dregs of Herbert, Gashaw," etc. It would be nearer the mark to say, that Pope had penetration to detect the rich unpolished ore, strewn at random in Herbert's poems, and skill to give it new lustre by the charm of his elaborate workmanship. Hallam passes by Herbert's poetry without a word. Campbell, in his "British Poets," while devoting two or three pages apiece to the merest poetasters, can only spare the corner of a page, and half a dozen lines of preface for

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George Herbert. But we must bear in mind the prejudices which rendered Herbert's writings "caviare to the general" of late years. More surprising is it that Southey, in his continuation of Ellis, should mention Donne, Wither, and Quarles, without any notice of one certainly their superior as a poet. On the other hand, as we have seen, Herbert's poems made a great impression on the minds of the seventeenth century. Henry Vaughan bears witness to Herbert's influence as the originator of a new school in poetry. Baxter, the nonconformist, a man of no common ability, was a warm admirer of Herbert's poems. Even in our own day, the great poet-philosopher, Coleridge, again and again extols George Herbert, not as a man only, but as a poet. "Let me add," he writes in "The Friend" [vol. i. p. 53], "that the quaintness of some of his thoughts, not of his diction, than which nothing can be more pure, manly, and unaffected, has blinded modern readers to the general merits of his poems, which are for the most part *exquisite in their kind*." In the "Biographia Literaria" he speaks of the "weight, number, and compression of Herbert's thoughts, and the simple dignity of the language." He writes to his friend Mr. Collins, the Academician, "Read 'The Temple,' if you have not read it." Certainly, this is high praise from a great critic. Still, it must be owned that there is much in Herbert's poems to account for distaste on a first perusal. At first sight they seem, not here and there only, but throughout, stiff, obscure, fantastic. Perhaps the reader casts aside the "Sunday-puzzle," as the late Bishop Blomfield nicknamed the "Christian Year," in utter perplexity, or with the exclamation which Plato provoked from a despairing student, "Si non vis intelligi, non debis legi." But on a closer approach, and with patience, the mist clears off; and what seemed to be unsubstantial and impalpable conceits, "airy nothings," prove to have a form and substance well worth some trouble in deciphering. Coleridge says, truly, that, the difficulty arises not from any fault in the expression, but from the very nature of the thoughts to be expressed. "The characteristic of our elder poets," and he cites Herbert as an instance, "is the reverse of that which distinguishes more recent versifiers; the one (Herbert and his school) conveying

the most fantastic thoughts in the most correct and natural language; the other, in the most fantastic language conveying the most trivial thoughts. The latter is a riddle of words, the former an enigma of thoughts." Great allowance must be made for the influence of the Italian poets, with that fondness for quaint fancies, which may be seen in the frigid conceits and extravagant metaphors of Tasso and Ariosto—an influence from which Shakspeare himself was not exempt, as his atrocious puns show, and to which we may attribute the wretched acrostics of that period, in which it was the fashion for a lover to express his ardor, or a mourner his grief even on the memorial stone. Something, too, is owing to his patristic studies. As Oley says, "You find in him the choicest passages of the fathers bound in metre." Mr. Keble, again, characteristically traces much of this redundancy of imagery, "and constant flutter of his fancy, forever hovering round his theme,"* to an instinctive delicacy which shrank from exposing his religious feelings too openly before the eyes of the world. It is evident, also, that Herbert's neglect of poetical propriety was, in part a reaction from the smoothness and unreality of the popular love songs of the day. In the last lines of a short poem, entitled "Grief," he gives way to the feelings of devotion struggling for a free utterance:—

"Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise
For my rough sorrows; cease, be dumb and mute;
Give up your feet and sorrows for mine eyes,
And keep your measures for some lover's lute,
Whose grief allows him musick and a rhyme,
For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time—

Alas! my God!"

In the same spirit he describes himself as at first seeking out "quaint words and trim invention," as fitting ornaments "to deck the sense," in speaking of "heavenly joyes," but at last abandoning the vain attempt, and resolving that he will, since

"There is in love a sweetness ready penned,
Copy out only that."

Elsewhere he seems to long to rescue all the flowers of poetry, "sweet phrases," "lovely metaphors," "lovely, enchanting language," from all lower purposes, for a worthier use. We must remember, also, in criticizing

* *Prælect.* xxiv. quoted by Mr. Willmott.

"The Temple," that it was not originally intended for publication. It was the literal transcript, where he found relief in recording his own religious experiences. On his death-bed he left "this little book" for the hands of his friend Ferrar, adding, "He shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed between God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus, my Master. If he can think it may turn to the advantage of any poor dejected soul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it." The too frequent recurrence of anticlimax, and even downright bathos, at the end of many of the poems, indicates that they were never properly revised by the "last hand" of the author. All these considerations tend to avert the hasty condemnation which might otherwise fall on Herbert's poems as abrupt, rugged, and enigmatical; at any rate, they excuse the poet, even where they cannot alter our opinion of his poetry.

After all, it cannot be denied that Herbert, as a poet, never will and never can be a general favorite. The want of poetic diction—and it must be remembered that in his day the language of poetry was not yet recognized by tacit consent as distinct in many points from that of prose—the quaintness of his thoughts, and the homeliness of his phrases, are grave faults in the eyes of most people. Even the multiplicity and compression of his ideas make him unpopular, though it may satisfy a more critical taste, just as a thorough musician enjoys a closely compacted fugue more than flowing airs and melodies. His subject, too, is against him. The very names of his poems—"Faith," "Prayer," "Virtue," "Obedience," "Conscience," to say nothing of other titles positively ludicrous to our modern ears—are a stumbling-block on the threshold, except to those who approach in a devout, or, as Coleridge preferred to say, "devotional" spirit. To all others, the pervading sense of the unseen world in every line is as an unknown tongue, an unintelligible rhapsody. His words are, as the old Greek dramatist says, "eloquent to those who go along with them," but to none else. They are not likely to attract the uninitiated; their influence is rather in deepening and quickening religious feelings already existing. Like music in a minor key, his poetry does not command attention

by a full burst of sound, but quietly instils congenial musings into the attentive ear. All these causes are more than enough to relegate Herbert into the class of poets whose lot it must be "to find fit audience, though few." He would himself gladly acquiesce in such retirement, in the same spirit as that in which Wordsworth sings,—

"Shine, poet, in thy place, and be content."

Herbert's poetry can never be popular. But all true lovers of poetry will find hidden treasure there, if they have patience to search below the surface. There is the difficulty. It must be read *leisurely* to be appreciated. The eager, bustling spirit of our times is incapable, without some self-constraint, of comprehending those compressed utterances, the result of undisturbed meditation. Just as in a dimly-lighted room any one, who gives only a hurried glance, may turn away disappointed from a really fine painting, so it is only after a mental effort of fixed attention that the latent beauties of poetry like Herbert's can be descried. Then, and not till then, what seemed confused and meaningless comes out in light and shadow, disclosing the significance of even the minutest details. A short poem called "Aaron" is an instance. Herbert is portraying the Christian minister as unworthy in himself, but as rendered worthy by the indwelling gifts of the great High Priest:—

"Holiness on the head;
Light and perfection on the breast;
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead,
To lead them unto life and rest:
Thus are true Aarons drest.

"Profaneness in my head;
Defects and darkness in my breast;
A noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest:
Poore priest thus am I drest.

"Onely another head
I have, another heart and breast,
Another musick making live not dead,
Without whom I could have no rest:
In Him I am well drest.

"Christ is my onely head,
My alone onely heart and breast,
My onely musick, striking me ev'n dead;
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in Him new drest.

"So holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my deare breast,
My doctrine turned by Christ (who is not dead
But lives in me, while I do rest),
Come people; Aaron's drest."

On a hasty reading, these lines sound as the merest extravagance. They are full of meaning to those who care to find it. The metre, too, is characteristic. At first, it seems cramped and inelastic; when grown more familiar to the ear, it has a plaintive sweetness of its own. Take, again, "The Call":—

"Come my Way, my Truth, my Life;
Such a Way, as gives us breath;
Such a Truth, as ends all strife;
Such a Life, as killeth death.

"Come my Light, my Feast, my Strength;
Such a Light, as shews a Feast;
Such a Feast, as mends in length;
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

"Come my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joyes in love."

It only requires thought to see the deep connection which underlies this string of apparently disconnected images.

Religious poetry is seldom of the highest order. The subject transcends human capacity: and the religious poet is liable to the danger of having his sensuous perceptions dimmed by the superior brightness of the immaterial world. Exceptions, indeed, there are few, but glorious. Among our countrymen, Milton stands alone in this category; Cowper, Keble, Trench, and some few others, occupying the next places. Many persons, who would otherwise never have dreamt of versifying, have published what is meant for poetry, solely under the promptings of strong religious feeling, as the prolific doggerel of our innumerable hymn books testifies. To compare Herbert with the colossal genius of Milton would be preposterous. He is more nearly on a par with the others whom we have mentioned. If he wants their polished and musical diction, and is comparatively deficient in the variety of natural imagery and the tenderness of domestic pathos which belong to the poets of Olney and Hursley, he may be ranked above Keble in terseness and vigor, while manly his cheerfulness is a delightful contrast to the morbid gloom which throws its chilling shade over many of Cowper's most beautiful passages. In the general characteristics of profound and reflective philosophy, Herbert and Trench may be classed together. Between Herbert and Keble the resemblance is still more

striking. The influence of the older poet is very perceptible throughout the "Christian Year"—here and there in the very words of it.

It is interesting to trace the coincidences of these kindred minds. In the "Flower," which Coleridge calls "a delicious poem," Herbert rejoices in the return of spring to the earth, and of spring-like feelings to his own heart, and proceeds:—

"These are Thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell,
And up to heaven in an hour.

We say amisse

This or that is;

Thy Word is all, if we could spell."—p. 174.

In almost the same words, Keble exclaims:—

"These are Thy wonders hourly wrought,
Thou Lord of time and thought;
Lifting and lowering souls at will,
Crowding a world of good or ill
Into a moment's vision."

Sixth S. after Trinity.

In another place, Keble expresses the longing, such as even heathen philosophers felt, for the glorious emancipation of the immortal nature of man from its earthly elements:—

"Till every limb obey the mounting soul,
The mounting soul the call by Jesus given:
He, who the stormy heart can so control,
The laggard body soon will waft to heaven."

Twenty-third S. after Trinity.

The same thought occurs in Herbert:—

"Give me my captive soul, or take
My body also thither!
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together."

In both poets alike we see a natural inclination towards the attractions of the world checked by self-discipline:—

"I thought it scorn with Thee to dwell,
A hermit in a silent cell,
While, gaily sweeping by,
Wild fancy blew his bugle strain,
And marshalled all his gallant train
In the world's wondering eye.
I would have joined him, but as oft
Thy whispered warnings kind and soft
My better soul confest.
'My servant, leave the world alone;
Safe on the steps of Jesus' throne
Be tranquil and be blest.'"

First S. after Trinity.

So in "The Quip," which we have already referred to:—

"The merrie world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me."

And the "merrie world" in the person of his representatives, "Beautie," "Money," "Wit," tries all his allurements, but in vain. Herbert writes, in his poem on "Giddinesse":—

"Surely, if each one saw another's heart,
There would be no commerce,
No sale and bargain passe: all would disperse
And live apart."

Keble has expressed the same idea more fully in his beautiful lines for the Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity:—

"Or, what if Heaven for once its searching
light
Sent to some partial eye, disclosing all
The rude bad thoughts that in our bosoms
night
Wander at large, nor heed love's gentle thrall.

"Who would not shun the dreary uncouth
place?

As if, fond leaning where her infant slept,
A mother's arm a serpent should embrace;
So might we friendless live and die unwept."

In both poets the consecutiveness of the ideas is often far from obvious, and must be sought beneath the surface. In Herbert there is less periphrasis in the expression of devotional feelings. Such outbursts as—

"Oh! my dear God, though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not!"

cannot be paralleled in Keble; they are characteristic of Herbert and of his age.

These parallel passages are interesting as marking the similarity of character which subsists in great and good men, even of very distinct individualities. The admirers of the "Christian Year" will find much in "The Temple" to remind them of their favorite passages. If "The Temple" is never likely to exercise the extraordinary influence of the "Christian Year"—an influence on the religious mind of England greater than has ever been exercised by any book of the kind, an influence extending itself imperceptibly even to quarters seemingly most alien—still it is a book to make a deep impression, where it impresses at all; and its influence is of a kind to percolate through the few to the many.

The resemblance between Herbert and

Cowper is fainter; or rather a strong resemblance is qualified by equally strong traits of difference. Both poets have much in common with Horace, strange as any comparison may appear at first sight between them and the pagan poet of the licentious court of Augustus. They have no small share of his lyrical fervor, his adroitness in the choice of words, and in the adaptation of metres; and, in satire, the same light touch, the same suppressed humor, the same half-sportive, half-pensive strictures on the anomalies of life. Both Herbert and Cowper love to dwell on the transitoriness of earthly pleasures; but there is this difference: Herbert oftener adds that man may enjoy them in moderation while they last:—

"Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer;

But as birds drink, and straight lift up their
head,

So must he sip, and think
Of better drink

He may attain to, after he is dead."—p. 134.

Both poets complain alike of times of religious depression; but Herbert's lyre is more often tuned to joy and thankfulness for refreshment and relief. He was naturally of a more hopeful temperament. But there are other causes to account for the difference. That distrustful dread of alienation from the favor of heaven, which, in religious minds of Cowper's school, seems even to overcloud the sense of reconciliation through the cross, was no part of Herbert's creed. On the contrary, it was the very essence of his faith, a source of unflinching strength, to regard himself and his fellow-Christians as having all the privileges of adoption within reach freely to enjoy. Again, while poor Cowper's mental vision was forever introverted on himself, and busied with that dissection of transient phases of feeling which paralyses the healthy action of the soul, Herbert's glance was oftener turned to the great objective truths of Christianity, deriving from them support in the consciousness of infirmity. Here is the secret of the *cheerfulness* of his poetry. This vivid realization of the great external facts of Christianity is what distinguishes him from the "erotic school" of Germany. But for this, he might be classed with many of the poets of the "Lyra Germanica." But his poetry, though instinct with the same glow of sc-

raphic love, is more definite, more practical, less sentimental. There is in it more substance for the mind to take hold of, more suggestiveness of something beyond, less evaporation into mere transports of emotion. His expressions of devout love, however eager and impulsive, are always (as in a short poem called "Artillerie") profoundly reverential. Love and obedience, faith and duty, are with him inseparable. This habitual attitude of mind toward the Deity, this filial feeling of love tempered by awe, is beautifully apparent in the closing lines of another poem:—

"But as I grew more fierce and wild,
At every word
Methought I heard one calling '*Childe!*'
And I replied '*My Lord!*'"—p. 160.

We have endeavored to illustrate particular traits in Herbert's character, rather than to select his finest passages. Some few of these we feel that we ought to cite before concluding, especially as our author is one not so well known as he deserves to be. The beautiful lines on "Virtue," beginning

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die."—p. 85.

are perhaps the best known, being quoted in Campbell's "British Poets" and elsewhere. They are singularly applicable to Herbert's own life and character, and are redolent of the sweetness and brightness of his disposition. The "Sonnet," if we may use the word out of its strict signification, on "Time," and the lines on "Love Unknown," were both favorites with Coleridge. The former has been well compared to a collect in the prayer book in its perfect rhythm, and in the fulness and compactness of its meaning. The latter is a short allegory, highly imaginative, and rich in devotional feeling. We subjoin a specimen of Herbert's more philosophic poetry, not unworthy of Wordsworth:—

"Man is the world's high priest; he doth present
The sacrifice for all, while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, or winds that blow.

* * * * *

"We all acknowledge both Thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will yet none but Thine.

"For either Thy permission or command
Lays hands on all."—p. 118.

Again, in "The Search:"—

"Where is my God? what hidden place
Conceals Thee still?
What covert dare eclipse Thy face?
Is it Thy will?
O let not that of anything!
Let rather brass
Or steel or mountains be Thy ring—
And I will passe.
Thy will such an entrenching is
As passeth thought:
To it all strength, all subtleties
Are things of nought.
Thy will such a strange distance is,
As that to it,
East and west touch, the poles do kiss
And parallels meet."

Our limits forbid any more extracts. We can assure our readers that, if they care to look for themselves, they will find many passages, not of a kind, perhaps, to make an immediate impression, but such as will approve themselves gradually more and more to a thoughtful and sympathizing mind, and from which it may derive solace and strength.

Herbert's Greek and Latin poems need not detain us long. They evince his mastery over the idioms and metres of those languages; but like most classical compositions of his day, they seem harsh and strained, from the effort required to force the old languages to adapt themselves to modern ideas, for which they have no equivalent. His Latin letters are open to the same criticism. The redundancy of flowery compliments in them is also a fault of the period.

In our quotations we have referred to Pickering's edition of 1850, as being, in our opinion, the best extant. It is, as may be expected from the publisher's name, carefully and beautifully executed; in type and general effect perfectly in keeping with the author's age. The old spelling is retained, as in Mr. Keble's *Hooker*, and for the same reason, as assisting the reader to carry back his thoughts to the associations amid which the author lived and wrote. Mr. Willmott's edition betrays haste by its unpardonable

inaccuracies both of spelling and punctuation, especially in the Latin letters, without even any list of the errata. In not a few poems the sense is quite obscured by their not being printed in form of dialogue. The notes, scanty and misplaced, are of little service, being attached generally to words that need no explanation, as, for instance, "shrewd," "callow," "diurnall," "oblation," "glozing," while passing by the few phrases that really present any difficulty. Mr. Willmott deserves thanks for adding a few short Greek poems: not that they are of any great value in themselves, but because they show the versatility of Herbert's genius, and his proficiency, not in Latin only (a common accomplishment in his day), but in the less trodden field of Greek literature. Mr. Willmott has done well in omitting "The Synagogue," a poor imitation, almost a caricature, of "The Temple." The omission of Walton's inimitable life is unaccountable; nor is it compensated for by the editor's own "Introduction." It might have been hoped, from an editor like Mr. Willmott, that he would have thrown some light on the connection between the poet's life and particular passages in his writings. These omissions are the more to be regretted, as this edition is entitled to the credit of introducing an undeservedly neglected author in an attractive and popular form for general reading.

We have prolonged these remarks, we fear, beyond the patience of our readers. In truth, we have been reluctant to quit a subject so fascinating. Men like George Herbert are rare. It is not his wide learning, nor his refined taste; not his high spirit, nor his amiability, nor even his strictness of life; it is not any of these qualities singly that distinguishes him: but the rare combination in one person of qualities so diversely beautiful. He was "master of all learning, human and divine." So writes his brother, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and his remains, few as they are, confirm this eulogy; yet his learning is not what strikes the reader most, it is so thoroughly controlled and subordinated by his lively wit and practical wisdom. He was exemplary in the domestic relations of life, "tender and true" as son, husband, friend: yet he seems to have lived as a "home-missionary" among his parishioners. He was a man of

letters; yet ever condescending to the petty concerns of his poor ignorant clients: an ambitious man; yet he relinquished all worldly objects for the humble work of the ministry. He was, in a word, a man of extraordinary endowments, both personal and such as belonged to his rank—not lost in indolence nor wasted on trivialities, but all disciplined and cultivated to the utmost, and then devoted to the highest purposes. Men of a less evenly-balanced genius may create a greater sensation in the world; as the eccentric course of a comet may attract more notice than steadier and less startling luminaries. But it may be questioned whether the influence of men like George Herbert is not wider and deeper, though less perceptible, in the end. From them issue the hidden watercourses of thought and action that irrigate the world with ever fresh supplies of life and vigor by innumerable, unnoticeable rills, preserving its morality from corruption and stagnation. The

influence of those who possess Herbert's natural ability, combined with his *solidity* of character, cannot be measured by what we see. It is to men of this metal that England owes her greatness—men, like him, of high spirit, strict principle, genial, practical energy—men who, ever and above other fine qualities, are strong in that reality and earnestness on which we are apt to pride ourselves as peculiarly English. Such a hero, in the truest sense, England has but lately lost in Lord Herbert of Lea; such, in a different sphere of life, was his kinsman, the country parson of Bemerton. May the race of men like these never be extinct among our statesmen and our clergy! There is said to be a dearth of talent among the younger clergy now. The most promising young men in the universities, it is asserted, draw back from ordination, and prefer other professions. They may learn, from the example of George Herbert, how to devote their talents to a worthy end.

CHARLES THE TWELFTH.—It was the excitement of war, not the object to be obtained by it, that inspired him. Accordingly, he could scarcely be called a great commander; for though he commanded armies, gained victories, and understood the Commentaries of Cæsar, he had no notion of tactics; he neither possessed any extensive military genius or knowledge whatever; nor did he evince any of the resources of a well-informed mind in matters of difficulty. All he ever did from Narva to Pultowa, was to dash forward with any portion of his army that could keep up with him, and without any consideration of the number of men who were opposed to him, or how posted; he went into the *mêlée* perfectly indifferent how many of his soldiers perished with or without him. He made war with no object; his ambition did not lead him to desire territory, and he had no principle of public or national feeling to advance. When he had gained a victory he did not know what to do with it, and only longed for another. He was utterly indifferent to all that became his station in manners, habits of life, or equipage. Though not rude to women, he paid them very little attention, and at a time when his army occupied Leipsic, and he was constrained to pay a visit of ceremony to the Queen of Poland, (to whom he especially owed sympathy and compassion,) he did not speak above three words with her, but talked during the whole visit with a foolish little dwarf, whom her Majesty had in her suite. In his habits he was slovenly and filthy—the yellow leather waistcoat and breeches, which are such a characteristic in all the pictures of this Sovereign,

"were so greasy that they might have been fried." His meals consisted of small beer, which he drank at a great draught, with coarse bread, on which he spread butter with his thumb. He was never more than a quarter of an hour at table, and never spoke a single word whilst he was eating. He had no sheets or canopy to his bed, but rolled himself up in a rug upon the tressels, and stretched and shook himself for all his toilet when he awoke; he never combed his hair but with his fingers, which were never very clean; and he wore gloves only when on horseback. His horses were ill selected and worse groomed, with rough coats and thick bellies, and were covered with sackings instead of horse-cloths when not saddled,—which, however, they mostly were, awaiting the king's rides; and these were solitary and very extensive. The grooms were in keeping with the stable, and were the veriest loons that ever served a monarch. The only thing that looked fine in his equipage was a large gilt Bible, which always lay at his bedside. He had very many characteristics of a savage chieftain—indomitable courage, reckless of consequences, and never calculating chances; but he was inferior even to him in the military qualities of caution and circumvention. He was just a wilful man with an iron constitution, strong determination, and an utter disregard of danger, who came early into the possession of power, and was beyond all control of friends. It has been well said of this prince, "qu'il n'étoit point Alexandre, mais qu'il auroit été le meilleur soldat d'Alexandre."—*Sir E. Cust's "Annals of the Wars of the Eighteenth Century.*

CHAPTER XVII. REGINE.

"DON'T let that noise disturb you," said Martin; "nobody can come in. The castle will stand a siege, if need be."

Wilford continued his narrative.

"The boy Alexis must have been eight or nine years old when he first came to Harley Street, though he was very small for his age. He had an ugly, wicked, impish face even then. He had little cunning green eyes, was lividly pale, and very thin. I know that if you ever attempted to stop him or take hold of him, he had a wily way of eluding your grasp, wriggling from under your hand with a serpentine sort of movement, for he was very lithe and supple, and seemed more as though his frame were made of sinew than of bone. There are some persons in regard to whom it seems right to follow the instincts which prompt us on the instant to mistrust and hate. It was not possible to resist this feeling on seeing this boy Alexis, young as he was. Liar, and cheat, and spy, were written on every line of his face. He was the worthy child of Dominique and Madame Pichot. I make no doubt that the story of his origin was authentic. He possessed the characteristics of both parents in a marked degree.

"The Pichots were so far true to the agreement they had made with their employer, that they sedulously kept out of his sight the boy Alexis. It was a large rambling house, and there was little difficulty about such a proceeding, especially as my uncle never entered more than three or four rooms. That he was aware of the boy's presence in the house I fully believe. Occasionally the boy was sent out with letters or messages, and my uncle could not but have known who had been the bearer of these, though he never permitted his knowledge to be betrayed by his looks or his manner. Once, too, he had been looking out of an open window at the back of the house, and had amused himself with watching certain antics performed by the boy Alexis, who was, however, entirely unconscious that his sports had a spectator. The boy had quite a clown's cleverness in the way of walking on his hands and turning summersaults, and other tumbler tricks. He was far beyond the ordinary accomplishments of boys of his age in these respects. Some leads at the back, the roofs of certain outbuildings,

formed the platform of his performance. My uncle was said to have been greatly amused; he laughed noisily after his manner, and flung out money to the lad. The Pichots, who had been in dread of a different result, congratulated themselves on the turn events had taken.

"Soon after the boy Alexis, came, as I have said, the girl called Regine Stephanie, reputed to be the child of Dominique Pichot and his wife the housekeeper. I may now state my firm belief of what at the time I had no kind of suspicion, that Regine was not the daughter of the Pichots. My conviction is that a condition of their remaining in my uncle's service was, their acknowledgment of this girl as born of their union, as their lawful offspring, and on this account it became necessary for them to antedate their marriage several years. In return for their doing this my uncle consented to forgive their marriage, and permitted their son Alexis to reside with them. A suspicion that has always haunted me in regard to this girl I have never been able to confirm or to confute—but I have long been of opinion that if her paternity was not to be directly attributed to my uncle, still the secret of her parentage was well known to him, and that he had some object in view in misdirecting all conjecture on the subject. She was born, it was admitted, in India; as a child had been sent to France, to be educated at a preparatory school at Dunkerque, afterwards at a finishing academy at Brussels. She was probably about eighteen on the occasion of my seeing her for the first time at the house in Harley Street. During the absence of my uncle from London, Madame Pichot had been dispatched to Brussels. She had remained there some weeks. She returned, bringing with her the girl Regine—Madlle. Pichot, as she was then called.

"It was hardly possible not to feel a certain curiosity in regard to Regine. Although I was then prepared to believe the current story that she was the child of the Pichots, I could not help remarking that there was something peculiar about the position she occupied in that strange household. Whereas the existence of the boy Alexis was almost altogether ignored by my uncle, he seemed to take a pleasure in recognizing the presence of Regine. He frequently sent for her. She was allowed to enter what

rooms she pleased. She was constantly in the drawing-room. My uncle's conduct to her was always courtly and kind. He made her many presents, especially of jewels and lace. He bought for her a superb piano: on this she would play to him when he was at home in the evening. She was an accomplished musician, though as a singer her voice was limited in compass, and without much flexibility. She had a pretty pony-carriage, in which she often drove out, though he forbade her to enter the parks; and yet with all this she had tacitly at least to recognize Dominique and his wife as her parents. Before I had entertained any doubt as to the truth of the story of her origin, I could not but observe that she always shrank from such poor maternal endearments as Madame Pichot permitted to herself; while any advances that Dominique Pichot made to her, any attempts on his part to assume influence or authority over her, were met with a scorn that was almost savage in its intensity; notwithstanding little ever occurred in any way to reveal what I now believe to have been the real state of the case. Indeed, I remember that when, on one of the few occasions during the latter part of his life, of my father's visiting London, and calling at the house in Harley Street during my residence there, he saw the girl Regine, and struck with her appearance, asked who she was, he seemed to be quite satisfied with the reply he received, that she was the daughter of Monsieur and Madame Pichot, the valet and housekeeper of his brother the colonel.

"Her manner was very silent and sullen when I first became acquainted with her. She seemed predetermined to regard all around her as her enemies. When addressed she sometimes made no answer—always spoke coldly and bluntly, and with averted eyes. She seemed to ask for nothing so much as to be left alone—unnoticed. She showed no desire to conciliate—was indifferent, apparently, as to the opinion others might entertain concerning her. If any one persisted in attention to her, there was something almost dangerous in the angry look of defiance that lit up her large black eyes. Yet, in the presence of my uncle, she became quite a different creature. She was so quiet and gentle, and there was such a winning grace in her every gesture—the

tones of her voice softened—her eyes lost their usual hard brilliance—quite a limpid tenderness beamed in them beneath the deep shadow of her sweeping lashes. There was a wonderful charm about the limber ease of her every attitude. She was so natural and unconfined in all her movements, her frame so lithe, her hands and feet so small and beautifully formed. Who can wonder that the old man yielded to the spell of her presence?—who could have resisted it? Yet who could have recognized this winning Regine in the frowning Mademoiselle Pichot—reserved, repellent, silent; before her supposed parents? In this unattractive character my uncle had never seen her.

"She was rather below the middle stature. Her complexion was very dark,—almost swarthy; she had very little color, though now and then a sort of underflush would glow in her cheeks. Her features were small but strongly defined, her mouth rather stern, its lines were so marked and rigid, but her teeth were beautifully white and regular. Her eyebrows were almost masculine in their density and blackness; her head was small and well formed; her hair very rich and glossy, growing rather low down on her forehead, from which she wore it turned off, but in a pretty waving line, coming to a sort of peak in the centre. She was vain—fond of rich dress of rather pronounced color, wore always heavy ear-rings and necklaces. There was a foreign look about her—almost a barbaric look—when, as she was fond of doing, she had attired herself in her gayest apparel to appear in the drawing-room and play and sing for my uncle's amusement. She had a gold-colored dress covered with Indian embroidery which my uncle had given her, and to which she had added fantastic trimming of the scarlet feathers of some tropical birds. There was a daring about this violent contrast of color which struck me very much. Certainly she supported the magnificence superbly. I remember her well in that dress. I can see her in thought as vividly as though she were now so attired, present, before me. She spoke English perfectly, but with a foreign accent, the result probably of her education and long residence abroad.

"Her demeanor, in regard to myself, was, on the one hand, without the anger and sullenness which she invariably exhibited in her

intercourse with the Pichots, while, on the other, it was entirely divested of the winning charm which distinguished her manner towards the colonel. She regarded me, as it seemed, with no stronger feeling than indifference; she was supremely careless as to what I said or did. Whether she saw me or not—whether we met or parted—she never spoke to me unless I first addressed her; was entirely heedless apparently whether she won my like or dislike—never courted my good opinion in any kind of way. I was no more to her than one of the articles of furniture in the house. I was less than some of them; the piano, for instance, or the couch covered with tiger skins on which she was fond of reclining. I confess I was piqued with this want of recognition of me. Each time that I came to London this feeling seemed renewed with greater force. The more indifference she displayed, the more I felt inclined to change this indifference into some stronger feeling. I felt that I could claim to establish in her breast some superior emotion. I was a mere boy at the time, remember, accustomed to have my own way in everything—pampered and spoiled—and I could not but greatly admire this beautiful Regine. I had seen her both before the Pichots and in the presence of my uncle. I knew how wonderfully witching she could be if she listed. I assured myself that she was but playing a part, when she appeared as the sullen unattractive daughter of my uncle's servants. I tortured myself with thinking how I could work a change in her. My admiration for her mounted into a sort of mania. Now I tried to move her by my devotion; now by repaying her coldness with an equal neglect of her. Either way, she was little affected—her conduct did not change.

"The Pichots were not slow to perceive the state of my mind on this subject. Possibly I had not cared to make a secret of the matter. I found myself soon concerting with them means to soften Regine. Eagerly they listened to me, promising all the aid in their power on my behalf. They undertook that the views of Regine should undergo a change, and that before very long."

The noise at the door, which had once before interrupted Wilford, here occurred again. This time Martin started up.

"Hush!" he said softly, "I think there

was something more than a knock that time. I think I heard the sound of a letter falling through the slit in the door."

He went out quietly into the passage.

"Yes," he said, returning, "I was right; a letter, and addressed to you."

He handed to Wilford a letter, of small size, and written on thin foreign paper. The writing was cramped and faint. Wilford started as he regarded it, reading the address.

"Who left this?" he asked eagerly.

"We'll soon see," said Martin.

He hurried to the outer door of the chambers, but no one was there. He listened—there was the sound of footsteps descending the stairs. He closed the door again, and passing into a different room to that in which they had been sitting, he threw up the window. From that point of view he had command of the entrance to the block of buildings in which the chambers were situated, and could see who passed from the staircase into the roadway. Very shortly he returned to Wilford.

"It was left by a boy, I think; a boy in a French cap."

But Wilford took little heed of the information. He was occupied, apparently, with his letter. And yet this contained but a very few lines, which he had read over twice in Martin's absence. They were as follows:

"You need not pay the money, and you shall not. I say so. Only I must see you, as soon as possible. Come to me after this note has reached you, as quickly as you can. Do not fear—as to the money, or on any other account. You are safe."

The letter was without date or signature.

For some time he sat contemplating it, frowning. Then there came to him an air of relief, and he seemed to breathe more freely. Yet he had an evident difficulty in continuing his recital to Martin. Did it occur to him, from what he read in that letter, that his revelation had now become in a measure superfluous—unnecessary? He had with an evident reluctance entered upon the task of laying bare to his friend certain hidden things in the past—of revealing the mysteries of his early life. He had commenced his narrative with a constrained, unwilling manner. He had probably purposed at the outset to give merely the heads

of the history; but as he advanced, and the difficulty of his task seemed to diminish, and the interest of his friend to increase—probably, also, because it seemed in some measure necessary to his own justification, he had entered more and more into detail. Now an altered intention influenced him—a change came over him—his voice and manner were wholly different.

"I hardly know, Martin, why I weary you with all the minutiae of this story—I suppose I grow garrulous as I grow older," and he laughed faintly. "You can conceive my position, and the—the difficulties and complications likely to arise from it. You understand that I was with rather dangerous people—that I was young enough and weak enough to fall an easy victim, if one had been needed."

Martin looked at him curiously. He detected at once that Wilford's opinions upon the expediency of a confession had undergone a change.

"Does he mistrust me?" he asked himself, sighing. Then he added aloud, "Tell no more than you think right, Wil."

It was kindly said, and yet it fell upon Wilford's ears rather reproachfully. He rose up uneasily, and walked to the window; there was an agitated, perplexed look in his face. When he spoke again, it was with his face turned from his friend.

"I can tell the rest in a very few words; perhaps the fewer the better. You can understand that these Pichots had an eye to my uncle's wealth. They feared at first that I should become his heir; but gradually they became reconciled to that idea, planning to grow rich by means of the influence they had obtained over me, or through the power they saw their daughter possessed to rule me. I need not dwell upon these matters," he spoke rapidly. "You must see that there would be an evident inconvenience in these people appearing upon the scene in the present state of things; especially if they should begin to talk; they may possess letters, and threaten to produce them, and it seems these Pichots are now in London, with the exception of the husband, who is ill in Paris. You can judge for yourself, Martin, how hateful it would be to me to have them forcing themselves upon my wife, telling tales to her of the past, of their acquaintance with

me in my youth, and so on. You may be sure I would not, if I could help it, have Violet's ear poisoned with all the tattling of these hateful people, and that, if need be, I would pay any sum to keep them silent. You surely appreciate all this, Martin?"

"And is this all?" asked Martin, quietly, after a pause.

"Yes—all," Wilford answered, petulantly; "what more should there be?"

"And your only anxiety is, lest your wife should see these Pichots and hear what they may choose to tell her?"

"Yes. What other anxiety should I have?"

"I would have no dealings with these people, I think," said Martin; "certainly I would not buy their silence. Can you trust them even after you have paid them their price? It seems to me, Wilford, it would be better to trust your wife. I may say, however, that the whole history is not quite clear to me; but so far as I can judge, if there are—well, let us say unpleasant circumstances in the past which may come to your wife's knowledge, I maintain that it would be better that she should learn of them from you rather than from others."

"Thank you, Martin, for your patience—for your good advice. I will deliberate upon the matter."

"Do nothing rashly, however. You are not going?"

"Yes, I must go now, indeed," and he moved to the door. There he stopped.

"Martin," he said, with a return to his old manner and with deep feeling in his voice, "bear with me. Give me still your confidence and friendship, for indeed I have great need of both. Perhaps I have not spoken to you so fully as I might. Perhaps there are other things to be told to enable you to judge rightly of my history. Forgive me if I have hesitated to enter upon these. Think that the opportunity is not a fitting one, or that I have not time or courage sufficient. I will renew the subject if I can, on some other occasion; but I may not now."

Martin had only time to answer these hurried words by a kind pressure of Wilford's hand as he moved away.

"No," said Martin, as he found himself once more alone in his chambers. "Cer-

tainly, he has not told me all. I think," he added with a sigh: "it is *always* hard for a man to tell *all*."

If some thought of Violet then surged up in his mind, he thrust it down again; and he sought relief and found it as it may always be found, in hard work for many hours.

CHAPTER XVIII. MADEMOISELLE BOIS-FLEURY.

ALEXIS. Was he man or boy? Let us leave the question open and call him Monsieur Alexis; he was more French than English—and there is no such thing as boyhood in France. The infants of that country almost as soon as they can speak, are capable of *affaires de cœur* and *tendresses*, and *bonnes fortunes*; they matured so rapidly. While one of our young compatriots is playing heartily at leapfrog, one of theirs is swearing (*Grand Dieu, je jure sur la tombe de ma mère, etc.*) devotion to *la belle Célestine*, or mingling tears with the adorable Madame Darville, and with her adorning the grave of her late husband (dead of a small sword thrust in the right lung), with the most beautiful *immortelles* which the money of the deceased and deceived *mari* (how despicable the word seems to sound to French ears!) could possibly purchase. Monsieur Alexis sat at one of the windows on the second-floor of the house in Stowe Street; the reader has already been introduced to the apartment. Monsieur Alexis was amusing himself with opening and shutting the window at short intervals, looking out up and down the street expectantly, with breathing on the panes of glass and drawing on the clouded surface so obtained caricatures of a primitive design, or scribbling initial letters with a very dirty finger—he had others to match it—much notched and gnawed at the top, and the nail reduced by his teeth to the very smallest dimensions and the most unattractive form that was anyhow practicable. As an additional pastime, Monsieur Alexis occasionally permitted himself the interesting *délassement* of putting a fly to death by a process of torture as prolonged and painful as his ingenuity—not contemptible in that respect—could devise.

"Is he coming?" asked some one sitting at the other end of the room, whose rest-

less foot kept up an impatient tapping on the floor.

"I don't see him," Alexis answered, after looking out, apparently rather pleased at having it in his power to give a disappointing answer.

"If he doesn't come—" some one began, and then stopped.

The speaker was a woman, of small stature, her figure well proportioned, but inclined to be rather stout than slight. She was of very dark complexion, her hair jet black—it seemed to be almost blue where the light fell upon it—the black was so intense and the absence of any warm color in it so complete. She had small, handsomely formed features, though the lower part of her face was somewhat too massive and hard in its lines. There was the shadow of a dark down upon her upper lip, which she was now compressing and biting in some anger and impatience. Her eyes were very brilliant; enhanced in that quality by her strongly defined, thick, black eyebrows, which, unconsciously, perhaps, she brought down now and then in a very fierce and threatening frown. She wore a dark silk dress; some black lace, much after the manner of a Spanish mantilla fell from the back of her head on to her ample shoulders; a twisted gold chain circled her grandly formed throat; heavy ornaments of red coral and dead gold hung from her delicate ears; her small, supple hands were decorated with several superb rings;—her appearance altogether was very striking, but it was not wholly attractive. There was something startling about the fire of those dark eyes, and the bistrous circles of which they were the gleaming centres. It seemed as though she despised all charm of girlishness, or softness of manner, or restraint of emotion. She was angry and impatient. She did not care to conceal this fact. She beat upon the carpet with her foot, or drummed with her clenched hand upon the table. As to age, she had passed her *première jeunesse*. She looked thirty. She was probably younger; for women of her brunette complexion are generally not so old as they appear; with the blonde, the converse of the proposition holds good.

"If he should not come—" she repeated.

"Well, if he should not come, Mademoiselle Regine?" Monsieur Alexis asked

mockingly. They both spoke with a strong foreign accent. "What will happen then?"

"I shall think you have cheated me, little boy, and I shall punish you," she said in a meaning way, with a very angry frown.

Alexis glanced at her as though to be sure that he had rightly heard. Perhaps from the expression of her face he judged it best to make no further reply. He looked again from the window and with his head turned from the woman, Mademoiselle Regine as he called her, he indulged himself with the relaxation of twisting his features into a sufficiently hideous grimace. By this means he discovered that a new source of gratification was available to him. A servant in one of the opposite houses cleaning the windows, paused in her dangerous employment, attracted evidently by the facial contortions of Monsieur Alexis. Was it not possible by persistence in a course of elaborate grimace, so to fascinate and bewilder the poor woman until in the end, her attention attracted from her work, she should fall headlong out of the window into the street? Monsieur Alexis chuckled aloud exultingly at the brilliance and cheerfulness of this idea! Suddenly he turned to Mademoiselle Regine.

"He's coming," he cried.

"Go, then," she answered, "and—take care—if you listen—" she pointed her forefinger at him warningly, and again she frowned. Alexis evidently understood the incomplete sentence.

"I don't want to listen," he muttered sulkily. "Give me the money you promised me."

She took some gold from a *porte-monnaie*, and tossed it to him. She placed her hand upon her heart, as though to stay its turbulent beatings. Alexis hurried from the room. He had scarcely gone when a tall pale man entered.

"Monsieur Wilford!" the woman said, in a low voice, bowing her head.

"Regine!"

She placed a chair for him, and then withdrew to some distance. She remained standing in an almost humble attitude. By her gestures she begged him to be seated. He moved to a chair, but he contented himself with leaning upon it—perhaps because his hands trembled less, grasping tightly the back of the chair. She glanced at him

stealthily, her breathing very quick, her fingers very restless. There was silence for some minutes.

"How you have changed!" she said, at length, in a subdued tone.

"Likely enough!" he answered. "Think how many years have passed since we have met!"

"Had I seen you in the street, I think I should have passed on and not known you. They told me you were happy, gay, successful, fortunate. I see nothing of these in your face. You are very pale and triste-looking."

Her foreign manner and accent were more evident now that she was excited, agitated.

"I did not think any one could have been so wretched as I have been, yet I look at you, Wilford—*Monsieur* Wilford, I mean—and it seems to me I may have been mistaken. Are you unhappy, Monsieur Wilford? But I see that you are."

He had paid but little attention to these words; he was pondering other things. At last he said, harshly:

"Regine, I never thought that we should meet again on this side the grave."

"It was inevitable," she said.

"I thought you were dead."

She glanced at him reproachfully.

"You hoped so, perhaps?" But he made no answer. She went on passionately in her foreign manner. "Well! and why not? Why should you not hope me to be dead? wish for me to be dead? You cannot have hoped it—prayed for it—more than I have. I should have killed myself a thousand times, but that I am a woman! a fool! a coward! and I shrunk and shivered and fainted, and I did not dare! What have I ever done that you, that any one, should wish me living? Nothing! nothing! Oh, how I am miserable!"

"Hush!" he said in kinder tones; "don't talk like that."

"Why did you think that I was dead?"

"They told me so at —"

He paused.

"Where?"

"At St. Lazare!" he whispered.

She crouched down, hiding her face, then she started up fiercely.

"They lied—they are dogs. They said I was dead, because I had triumphed over them—tricked them—beaten them. At St.

Lazare the prisoner who escapes is written down as dead in their books. They are liars! fools! They watch the men carefully enough. They did not think that I could climb—like a man—like a monkey. That it was nothing to me to climb a water-pipe on to the roof of the female dormitories, and then drop from the wall, fourteen feet. I was light enough then. What matter that I cut my hands—that I sprained my foot? I could yet run for three miles. I was free! A new name—a new country. Who will recognize me? Who will care what I am—what I have done?"

"Enough of this," he interrupted angrily; "it was not to learn these prison exploits I came here."

"Who would think, to hear you speak, now, that you ever cared for me—ever loved me?" she said, after a few moments.

"You are wrong. There was passion, folly, madness; but there was not love."

"Not love, as you know it, now?"

"Not love, as I know it, now." Their eyes met, gleaming rather fiercely. Regine softened.

"It is you who are wrong. *It was* whole, true, honest love. I *will* think so. You shall not rob me of that thought—that consolation. You do not know how precious it is to believe that I was once loved so wholly and truly as you loved me.

"And that love—how did you meet it? how did you requite it?"

She turned away.

"There are some things you will never know," she said. "There are some secrets you must not seek to share. Perhaps it was because I knew myself better than you did. Perhaps it was because I knew the wretchedness to which your love for me must lead. Do me at least this justice. Whatever others did, I did not seek to win your love. I held out no allurements to you. I laid no trap. Nay, I did all I could to make myself repellent to you; to warn you of the danger there would be to you in loving me. Is not that true?"

"It is true, Regine. Would that we had never met!"

"I may say Amen. But what does it avail—the past is past. We have met. For the future—"

"Yes, for the future—let us consider *that*. The past is gone—dead—buried. Its secrets

are known only to us. Let them not be revealed. You know that I have seen Madame Pichot—"

"Hush! say Boisfleury. Pichot is an unlucky name. I tremble when I hear it; I hardly know why. Pray, have you set spies upon me? Have you had me followed? My steps dogged? Who does this? It is not you? Well, we shall see. Never mind. Do not say Pichot,—say Boisfleury."

"Madame Boisfleury, then. You know the sum of money she has demanded of me?"

"I *do* know—it is shameful; but, no matter; as I have said, this money shall not be paid."

"Why is money wanted—are you poor?"

"No. We are not rich; but we are not poor. We can live—easily—the more so if we could help—but we can't—getting into debt, being foolish and extravagant. It is not for us the money is wanted."

"For whom, then?"

"M. Dominique."

"He is ill, at Paris."

She laughed scornfully.

"He is enduring his sentence: the galleys for twenty years—let us say for life—he will not survive the term."

"Upon what charge?"

"A score of charges. He was tried for robbery and attempt to murder. He was sentenced as I have said."

"Of what avail will the money be to him?"

"It will purchase his escape. So madame dreams. She is a devoted wife: let us say *that* for her."

"And the money left by my uncle?"

"All gone—gambled away—flung from the window."

"And the money received from me?"

"Spent in the same way."

"I know not what to do. Sometimes I think that if it would purchase me immunity for the future, I would raise this sum, though, to do so, I should have to pay very dearly. I should have to sacrifice all hope of provision after my death for *her* who has such just claims upon me, for my child—"

"You have a child? a son? Is he like you? Ah! Yes; it seems you love *her* very dearly—more than you ever loved me. It is strange, how little of value your love was to me when it was solely mine; yet *now*,

when it has gone from me forever, how I yearn for it again. It has not wholly gone from me, Monsieur Wilford. Say that you have yet some feeling for me."

"Why do you talk in this way, Regine," he answered, sternly. "Do you forget everything? Be undeceived. Learn that my love, if love there ever was between us, is now dead, stone dead. It can never be brought to life again. Heaven forbid it ever should. You know what act killed it. You know when struck by your hand it fell down and died."

"I know," she moaned, covering her face with her hands. "There is no need to remind me of these things; yet there may be excuses for me, only they may not be told to you, least of all by me. So then, now, you love this child, this wife?" She laid a stress upon the word.

"I do," he answered, firmly; "with all my soul."

"She is good, this Madame Violet—is not that her name? I heard Madame Boisfleury tell it. She is beautiful—is she not? She is worthy of your love. Oh, how I wish that I could see her! May I see her, Monsieur Wilford?"

"You see her!" he cried. "Dare not attempt it; dare not think of such a thing! What wrong has *she* ever done to you?"

"You are very cruel, Monsieur Wilford," said Regine; "but you are right. I ought not to think of seeing her, yet your words seem very bitter. Well, I have deserved them all, and more, much more. You shall be obeyed. I will not seek to see her. I will go. I will quit this London, this country, forever. An engagement has been offered to me at the theatre of Barcelona. I will accept it. I will go. I will die far away in a foreign land. You shall never more see my face. Will not this be the best? Will there not be in this some reparation, the best, the only atonement I can make, for the wrong done to you in the past, Monsieur Wilford?"

"This will be the best, Regine."

"How your voice sounds cold to me now! How different was it all once. How it was soft and gentle; how your eyes glowed; how your cheeks burned; how your frame trembled, when of old you told me first of your love for me, and took my hand into

yours to press with your lips. How all this is changed!"

"Enough, Regine."

"How it is strange! While you were so good, so tender to me, I cared nothing. I shrank from you. Shall I say it? I despised you; there was something girlish in your love—a gentleness that was hateful to me. How lost I was to all that was honest and pure, and true in it. Now, when you are *brusque* with me, savage almost, Monsieur Wilford, when it seems that a little, and you would strike me, woman though I am; now, when you do strike me, cruelly, most cruelly, with your words and your looks; now my heart beats for you, as it never throbbled before, and I love you now—"

"I will not hear you, Regine."

"Why were you not so of old? Why did you not change my nature as the keeper tames the tigress at the Jardin des Plantes, by cruelty, by oaths and blows, till she crouches at his feet, frightened, docile, faithful, ay, and loving in her wild beast way? Would tenderness tame her, do you think! —Bah: did it avail with me! could it avail with me? Why did you not lash me then into right thinking, into right doing?—not now—not now, when it is too late, too late, when I can be no more to you; when I am nothing—nothing—nothing—when you love me no more; when you despise, scorn, hate me—" her passion could no longer find expression in words. She flung herself on her knees, weeping piteously.

Wilford looked with sad eyes at the woman crouching on the floor. He moved about impatiently.

"This is folly," he said, hoarsely. "Can this alter the past? Can you forget how we parted years ago?"

"No," she answered in a calmer tone, "I do not forget—I shall never forget. Yet, as I have said, there may be pleas to be urged on my behalf, though you will never—shall never—hear them. Forgive me if my emotion makes me forget myself. I can never forbear. I give way, like an insane person, when I am troubled. Forgive me—my regrets are not so wholly unreasonable as they may seem to be; they are less weak and foolish than you think. Can I but be sorry—passionately sorry—when I think it was

in your power to change me—to work great good in me. Wrong had already been done, heaven knows, and enough of it; but there was some future for me then. I was very young. My thoughts had not taken their present ugly forms to keep forever; they might then have been moulded otherwise; there was at least hope of such a thing, and you let the hour go by—you flung away the chance. If, instead of kneeling to me, suing and imploring—humoring my every foolish whim—you had beaten me down to your feet, as I am now,—humbled me and made me weep, then, as I am humbled and weeping now—”

“This is not penitence, Regine, it is simply passion. Half that you say is unintelligible to me; for the rest, it is without reason. It is not for me to treat the woman I loved—or believed I loved—cruelly, as though I hated her. Change, reform must come from within, not from without. I did not come here to hear complaints of this kind—no, nor to make them, though perhaps I have cause to complain.”

“You have cause,” she said, interrupting him.

“As you have said, the past is past; let us not disinter it. It has been sad enough, and shameful, and wicked; let us heap earth upon it, and not lay it bare to taint the present. Do you think it is *you* only who have suffered? Have I no regrets? Have I no misdeeds—no cruel errors—to lament, to make such atonement for as is now possible?”

“Forgive me.”

“I had forgiven you, believing you to be dead.”

“And now that I am living—”

“I will pray to be able to forgive you, Regine, as I will pray for aid to act rightly in my present great perplexity. For this money—”

“It shall not be paid—I say it shall not. You may trust me in that, Monsieur Wilford. Show me that you trust me in that. You are free—safe on that subject.”

“But Madame Boisfleury—”

“I will deal with her. Without my aid she is powerless.”

“And for the future, Regine?”

“For the future?” the tears came into her eyes. “I see you now for the last time. It shall be as you thought it before. We

shall not meet again on this side of the grave. You shall treat me as dead; and I shall be really dead to you. I will never set foot in this country again. For France, I may not go there, but in some other land—does it matter where? I shall some day drop down and die, and they shall bury me, unknown, nameless;—nothing to them or to you, or to any one more. Will this do? Will this please you? Will this make amends? Will this be the best?”

She tried to take his hand, but he shrunk back from her. The action wounded her terribly, yet she bore up against it.

“And if I do all this—and I will, you may trust me—will you then forgive me?—will you then think kindly of me again, pityingly? Oh, if you *could* do this!—if you *could* try to think over again one of your old good thoughts in regard to me! You are going? I may not detain you. Adieu, Monsieur Wilford.”

She would not now be denied. She seized his hand and pressed it passionately to her fevered lips. Another moment and he was gone. The door closed—she shivered as she heard it shut.

“I shall never see him more—never, never!” She abandoned herself to a paroxysm of grief; the tears streamed from her eyes; she sobbed violently. “I shall never see him more—never, never! and—and I love him!”

She hid her face in her hands.

For some time she remained so, bowed down by her sorrow. Suddenly a slight noise startled her. She looked up: Monsieur Alexis was leaning in the doorway watching her, a malicious grin upon his face.

“You are *très malade*, this time, are you not, Mademoiselle Regine? You must be near your end, I should think. I never saw you cry before. I’ve seen you pretend, often; but never real tears like these.”

She started up.

“I will see her,” she cried, passionately; “I must see her—this woman whom he loves. Alexis, you have the address: tell it to me. What is the name of the street near Soho Square?”

“Why should I tell you? Of what advantage would it be to me?”

“Must I pay for this also?”

“Well. No. Perhaps not. This time

we will exchange services. I will give you this address if—"

"If what?"

"If you will convey for me a letter to Mademoiselle Blondette at the theatre."

"What!" cried Regine, laughing, though the tears were still wet upon her cheeks. "You love Mademoiselle Blondette?"

"It is true," Alexis answered, pressing his dirty hand upon his heart, and turning up his green eyes with an air of spurious enthusiasm and romance, not possible to an Englishman.

"My poor Alexis! There is a chance then that at last you will receive your deserts. Truly, I must cease to punish you. You will hardly need more punishment than you will receive from Mademoiselle Blondette."

"She is beautiful as an angel!"

"She is charming,—with the gas-light strong upon her. Her smile is delightful,—when her lips are fresh painted. My poor Alexis! You are *épris* with a ghoul. Blondette will eat you up, bones and all, and laugh the while, showing her sharp white teeth. She has no more heart, nor feeling, than a guillotine. Yes, she is pretty: bright red and white laid on thick. But to love her, imbecile! She is like a cheap *bon-bon*—there is as much poison as sugar about her. The coating is mere plaster of Paris; the almond inside is very bitter. You love her! Little fool! love a snake!"

"You hate her because you are jealous of her, Regine," said Alexis, sulkily. "Will you give her the letter?"

"Certainly. Give me the address."

Alexis wrote two lines slowly on a scrap of paper and flung it to Regine.

"Behold the address," he said. Regine read it carefully.

"If you have deceived me! You are capable of it. I do not know the name of the street you have written here."

"Bah! I have not deceived you."

"We shall see. I go there at once. A *fiacre* will soon take me. I shall meet this Madame Violet." She continued half aloud, "I shall see this woman whom he loves so much, for whom he despises me. I hate her already."

She quitted the room. Alexis went through a course of derisive and defiant gestures. Certainly he was more French than English.

"Take care, Mademoiselle Regine, take care," he said, shaking threateningly a small, black, gristly fist. "You abuse Blondette, the woman whom I adore! You dare to trample on my heart! And, more: this five thousand pounds which Madame Boissfleury claims *you* presume to forgive! Is it so? It is *you* who are imbecile. There will be war between you then, about this poor Monsieur Wilford! Take care. What if I reveal to madame that you have seen this person, what you have said to him? Aha! For me, I am on the side of five thousand pounds. But to succor the poor Père Dominique? *Pas si bête!* If he escape he will only beat me again. No, to spend in this city! to buy presents for Blondette! Five thousand pounds! How these dogs of English are rich!"

Soon Regine left Stowe Street in a cab, to search for the house of one Mr. Phillimore in the neighborhood of Soho.

Wilford had repaired to his Covent Garden Hotel. He sat down in the empty coffee-room, resting his throbbing head upon his hands, looking very sad, and worn, and dejected.

"What to do!" he murmured. "What to do! The time runs on. Violet must be written to. Already she must be expecting news of me. She will be growing uneasy, will think I am neglecting her. Heaven knows, I would sooner die than cause her unhappiness! But what to do!"

He strode up and down the room with an abstracted air. He paused suddenly before the glass over the fireplace, struck with his own wild haggard looks. He tried to read the *Times*; but the print seemed to dance before him, it made him quite giddy, he could not keep his eyes fixed on it, and his thoughts were always away, busy with the question, asked again and again, "What was he to do?" He sought amusement looking from the coffee-room window at the thousands passing to and fro, occupied in the market. He coned for the hundredth time the addresses of the faded letters in a sort of iron cage on the mantelpiece, sent to visitors who had long since quitted the hotel, and who would never return for their correspondence. He turned over the leaves of the Post Office Directory, not knowing what he was doing. Certainly looking for noth-

ing. He stood for five minutes before the dark-colored mahogany sideboard, staring vacantly at a cruet-stand, still asking himself, "What he should do?"

"Why did they ever come back,—these dreadful Pichots? Silent, gone from the country, never to return—as good as dead—am I then secure? Who will ever know? Will not all then be well? May I not then

return to her—to Violet—and forget, and be happy? Why not? What should hinder me?" He waited a long time. There was an expression of deep anguish in his face, as he said at last, "But my honor, my duty, are these to be forgotten wholly? God help me!" he cried fervently. "I have never been so tried before!" and he hid his face.

THE LONDON AMERICAN.—Mr. Knight, one of the proprietors of this admirably conducted paper—which is doing great service in the English capital, by refuting secession doctrines and exposing the machination of the traitors abroad—is now in this country to solicit subscriptions. The paper is as thoroughly American as its name indicates, and always contains excellent summaries of foreign intelligence, of the description required by Americans having business relations with Great Britain. An attempt has been made to curtail its circulation in England, because of its bold denunciation of secessionism. This fact should largely increase the patronage of the paper in the loyal States. Bishop McIlvaine commends it in the following letter:—*Transcript.*

"LONDON, February 18, 1862.

"As Mr. Knight is about visiting the United States with a view to promote among his countrymen the patronage and support of the *London American*, I beg to say that, having known that paper by being in the midst of its circulation, and at times when a decided and intelligent advocate of the cause of our country in its present struggle, as well as a full and faithful reporter of the state of our affairs, was of the greatest importance in England, I believe it has done great good, and that it would be a great loss if, for want of patronage, it should be abandoned. Americans at home should assist in its support. It is the only American voice in the newspaper press of England. It ought not to be allowed to cease. It may be that such an organ will be wanted even more than at present. I commend Mr. Knight and his object to the support of my countrymen.

"CHAS. P. McILVAINE,
"Bishop of Ohio."

Mr. Knight's business address is care of S. R. Niles, Boston.

A PECULIAR banquet was given in London on the 12th of July, under the auspices of the Acclimatization Society. By way of acclimating their stomachs to the consumption of foreign viands, the members set forth in Willis's Rooms such toothsome dainties as the "tripang," a sea-slug soup, the "neufside daim," a soup

made of deers' sinews, and esteemed a royal dish in China, a kangaroo stew, a Chinese pig, a Syrian pig, a Canadian goose, sea-weed jelly, Digby herring-salad, birds'-nests, Honduras turkey, curassow, Pintail ducks, Guava jelly, and West India "pepper-pot." Concerning the royal Chinese dish of deers' sinews, the *London Times* remarks that "it will take many years of the labors of the society before it attains to that elevated position in England." How many of the excellent members of the Acclimatization Society went home unwell after their feast is not stated.

THE British Court of Common Pleas, in the trial of *Foster versus The Bank of London*, has had before it an important case. The plaintiff kept an account with the bank, which, at a certain time, showed a balance of £408 to his credit. A third party to whom the plaintiff had, from friendly motives, lent his acceptance for the sum of £512, but who was informed by him that it had been destroyed, went to the bank, and on inquiry was told by the cashier that the plaintiff's account was good only for the £408. This party then sent to the bank and deposited £104 to the credit of the plaintiff, and thereupon presented the acceptance, which was past due nine months and was supposed by plaintiff to be destroyed, and received the money for it. For this disclosure of the account the jury gave the plaintiff a verdict for the £408.

Two new theatres on the Place du Chatelet, in Paris, are lighted, heated and ventilated on a new plan. The light is reflected over the house by means of an enormous mirror, and chandeliers and gas-burners are abolished. The ventilation is provided for in connection with the lighting apparatus.

DEFENCE OF CRINOLINE.—Man should receive it joyfully and gratefully as a striking proof that it is physically impossible for Lovely Woman to contract a bad habit.—*Punch.*

From Chambers's Journal.
THE ETERNAL FIRES OF BAKU.

A TRAVELLER residing in the city of Shamakia, at the foot of Mount Caucasus, on the western shores of the Caspian Sea, is generally induced, by the representations of the natives, to visit those little known Phlegrean Fields which eternally flame and smoulder in the vicinity of Baku. Probably no portion of the earth's surface is more replete with natural wonders. The summits and upper valleys of the Caucasus, in many parts as little known as the Mountains of the Moon, are said at times to emit flame and smoke, and to distil strange oleaginous substances, which, trickling down through rocky veins and crevices, ooze out of the earth at considerable distances, and are designated by various names. At the foot of the vast Paropamisian range, on which the Arabs bestow the name of Kaf, and regard as the girdle of the earth, a small peninsula, about nine miles in length by four and a half in breadth, projects into the Caspian, and is known among the natives by the name of Okesra. On this stands the city of Baku, whose origin is lost in remote antiquity. A body of legends, which would fill a volume, clings about the ruins of this antique dwelling of the Medes, and modified by credulity and superstition, has worked its way into the Islamicite mythology of Persia, and been carried by Parsec pilgrims to the shores of India, where it sparkles or glooms about the hearths of the fire-worshippers, many of whom, at the hazard of their lives, have sought to obtain a glimpse of the sacred flame ever burning clear and bright on the margin of the Caspian wave, around which their ancestors once knelt and worshipped in countless multitudes.

Along the neck of the peninsula runs a chain of mountain spurs, the valleys between which are fertile and carefully cultivated; but as you advance southwards, the ground becomes barren, consisting in some parts of shifting sand, in others, of dark mud, while elsewhere the naked rock, porous as pumice stone, and almost entirely composed of the debris of sea-shells, crops out of the earth. Here and there are small conical hills, crested sometimes with the tombs of saints in ruins, nodding over salt lakes, or crumbling away particle by particle into the circumjacent marshes. On one side, you be-

hold a cone of black naphtha looking like a mountain of pitch; on another, a hill of fuller's earth, through which, as through an artificial tube, nature forces up the clay in one huge cylinder, which, when it attains a certain height in the air, bursts by its own weight, and falls in a shower over the hill, the height of which is thus incessantly augmented. Down yonder, in a spacious depression in the plain, you observe an expanse of whitish sand, interspersed with heaps of gray ashes, and here and there tall bright flames, like immense gas jets, surging upwards everlastingly, sometimes with a low crackling sound, but generally in profound silence. About these fires, men, more or less in number, are congregated day and night, some for secular purposes, others with motives of devotion. The industrial divisions of the crowd are cooks and lime-burners, the former repairing thither from all the neighboring villages to roast and boil, and prepare pilaus for the wealthier children of El Islam; while the latter stack up over the flaming fissures heaps of stone, which, when they have been converted into lime, they bear down to the coast, to be shipped for Russia, Daghestan, and the country of the Usbek Tartars.

Near the largest of the salt-lakes stands a village, which, like many of the temples and cities of the ancient world, enjoys the privilege of sanctuary. Formerly, they say, while the califs of the race of Omar reigned at Bagdad, a prince of rare sanctity, but who entertained opinions somewhat different from those of the Commanders of the Faithful, fled from persecution, and took refuge beyond Kaf in the burning peninsula of Baku. Here, in a castle on the top of a rock, and surrounded by his attached followers, he lived to extreme old age; and when he died, was interred among the flags on the edge of the lake. Presently, an arched tomb, like those in which the traveller sits at night on the brink of the Upper Nile, rose over his remains, and by degrees a village was built about the tomb, with wall, and moat, and gates. Public opinion attached the idea of sanctity to this place, so that to pursue any one who took refuge in it was deemed an inexpiable offence. Nothing was required of the fugitive but to stoop and kiss the threshold of the gate, or to press his lips against the links of an iron

chain which hung suspended from the archway within reach, and in time was almost worn away by the grasp and kisses of the pious refugees, aided perhaps a little by the action of rust. Once within the walls, he might taste of the sweet waters, which, through respect for the holiness of the dead saint, Heaven had bestowed upon the village. The good people of Okesra, little versed in geography, could account no otherwise than by miracle for the existence of a well of fresh water in the midst of salt pools and springs, fountains of naphtha, black and white, rocks dripping with bitumen, and veins of fiery gases bursting forth on all sides through cracks in the soil.

Persons of cool northern temperaments find it difficult to comprehend the state of mind which induces men to travel from the plains of Multan or the fertile valleys of Guzerat, expending large sums of money by the way, merely to sit down for weeks or months by an opening in the rock, through which a clear white flame, from fifteen to twenty feet in height, ascends into the atmosphere. Here, however, their ancestors in the remotest ages did the same, taught, it is said, so to act by that mighty legislator and philosopher, whose Oriental name of Zerdusht was transformed by the Greeks into Zoroaster. But the Parsees, wherever they reside, are only exiles in India; they may be beloved and honored for their charity, or knighted by the Queen of Great Britain for their wealth and enterprise, but the home of their spirit lies westward beyond the Sulimani range, beyond the Desert of Khorasan, beyond the peaks and forests of the Elburz, in the land of figs and pomegranates, of grapes and roses, of naphtha springs and eternal fires. To them, the followers of Mohammed are either sanguinary conquerors or base renegades, who may indeed be sufficiently powerful to keep them, the true rulers and owners of Persia, far away from their ancestral possessions, but who are dogs and infidels nevertheless, over whom they seem to triumph, when hewing their way through their caitiff multitudes by the force of gold, they come back to the everlasting dwelling-place of fire, and bow and worship with inexpressible reverence before what to them is the visible symbol of God. If you go forth, therefore, at night from Baku, and approach the plain of white

sand, you will behold these disciples of Zoroaster either seated in deep meditation upon the earth, or bowing their turbaned heads before the mounting flame. In the background towards the west, rise the peaks of Caucasus, enveloped in snow, and clustered round with stars; to the east extends the Caspian, heaving gently in summer, as all seas do, deriving, it may be, their tremulous uneasiness from the rotatory motion of the earth on its axis.

Listen, and you will hear the accents of an unknown language—that which preceded the dialect of the Zendavesta—muttered by some banker or ship-builder of Bombay, who in his own home on the Indian Ocean speaks English, and reads Milton and Shakspeare. But here in Okesra, in face of the sacred fire, he is another being, agitated by feelings and sentiments which have been wafted down to him over the waves of time from far beyond the Deluge, perhaps from the pre-Adamite period, when, as the Chevalier Bunsen teaches, the countrymen of Gog and Magog founded and governed empires on the table-lands of Central Asia. To study Gibbon, Burke, and Bacon, to read our novels, our journals, and our philosophical speculations, is found by the Parsee by no means incompatible with a firm and faithful acceptance of the ancient creed of the Medes. You may tell him what you please about civilization, about new faiths, and improvements in ethics; after attending politely to your discourse, his mind goes back at a bound to its belief in that formative principle, heat, caloric, fire, which in his view created the world, and still constitutes the soul of all living things. According to his theory, warmth is life, and cold is death. He has never in intelligible language revealed to the profane the ideas which float over his mind, when having come wayworn and weary from afar, he contemplates the surging and brilliant element, which escaping from the crust of our planet, points visibly to the stars, with whose substance it is obviously identical. Yet these luminous phenomena are only the external manifestations of God to the Parsee, the elemental sheath, so to speak, in which he involves his invisible power and creative energy. The vulgar processes of lime-burning and cooking, the fire-worshipper regards as so many gross misapplications, though perhaps necessary,

of the divine element which pervades and vivifies everything, and flashes upon him brilliantly as he reclines or kneels on the soft white sand of Okesra. If you remain near at hand all night, you will behold a phenomenon nowhere seen but in Persia, which the fire-worshipper considers in the light of a confirmation of the truth of his creed. About two hours before daybreak, a mimic dawn appears in the east, where the saffron rays rise in a vast arch, and shooting up to the zenith, expand and kindle the whole sky, rendering the stars pale, and lighting up the summits of the mountains with a glow and splendor like that of the early morning. This, however, is the false dawn, which, after awakening the birds, and robing the earth with light, again fades away, and leaves the whole hemisphere above, and the face of our globe below, buried in darkness as before.

Generally, the Muslims are held to be a persecuting people—with good reason, perhaps, in one phase of their character—yet at times they are tolerant to a marvel. They despise the Hindus, they equally despise the Parsees; but they have traditions, more than half fabulous, which attribute to both those sections of mankind powers, acquired by magic or otherwise, which are denied, for good reasons, doubtless, to the believers in the Koran. When a Parsee, therefore, arrives at Baku, on his way to the eternal fires, all the true believers in the caravan-sary make place for him; first, because he inspires them with awe; and next, perhaps, because, wise as he may be in the wisdom of science, he is ignorant of that saving faith which belongs exclusively to their religion. Yet they have no objection to sell him food, or, in exchange, to take his fine Indian gold mohurs or English-minted rupees. As has been seen, moreover, they will repair with him to the place of flame, and convert his divinity into a kitchen-fire, or into the active agent of a lime-kiln. Still, they are not without a certain mysterious feeling on the subject of the inflammable gases, and have invented stories, too long and wild to be here related, about the place whence, according to their interpretation, the brilliant white jets ascend. It would be useless to explain to them that beneath the thin shell of rock which forms the surface of the Okesran peninsula, there lie extensive lakes of naphtha, fed perpetually by subterranean streams

from the Caucasus, inflammable exhalations from which, having made their way to upper air, were set on fire by accident, and have never since been extinguished. In certain places, however, where the springs below are small and shallow, you may play with the deity of the fire-worshipper with impunity. Of this the lime-burners are fully aware, and by way of amusing or surprising strangers, will pluck a few threads from their cotton garments, and putting them on the end of a long rake, and setting them on fire, will hold them over a cleft in the rock, through which they know by experience that invisible exhalations ascend. In an instant, the gases take fire, and shoot up to a great height in the atmosphere. The traveller perhaps imagines that these flames also, like those he beholds elsewhere in the peninsula, will continue burning, but ere his amazement at their sudden appearance has ceased, they collapse and vanish. As a rule, these vapors are inodorous; but there is one hill, fortunately at some distance from the village, which emits a stench so unendurable, that travellers are constrained to hold their noses as they pass, which suggests to the Mohammedans the substance of many an offensive joke against the divinity of the Parsees, who, according to them, is anything but a desirable neighbor.

What perplexes them most, however, is the immense number of monuments of remote antiquity existing on all sides, especially the figures of lions, accompanied by inscriptions in an unknown tongue. Though they themselves are dwellers in Okesra, it is past their comprehension that persons opulent enough to select their own places of abode, should ever have established themselves in their fiery peninsula, amid sand and fuller's-earth, and fountains of black and white naphtha, and stagnant pools, fetid and noisome, and the crackling of flames, and the whirling about of dust and ashes by impetuous winds from the mountains. In fact, it is by no means one of the least curious phenomena of this place, that it should be frequently exposed to tempests so violent that it is matter of wonder they have not long ago swept all Baku into the sea. You stand perhaps on its battlements, enjoying the stillness of the air, and admiring the glassy surface of the Caspian, when suddenly a gust from the Caucasus fills your burnoose,

tears off your turban, and lays you prone upon the earth, lashes up the waves into white foam, dashes the ships in the harbor against each other, and plows up the sea in a straight line as far as the eye can reach. Then the clouds gather overhead, and lowering themselves gradually from the peaks of the mountains, canopy the whole peninsula, while the loudest thunder peals among the rocks, and lightning so vivid flashes from east to west, that the flames from the rocks are as little noticed as those of a few farthing tapers in the noonday sun. But the storms of Baku are of short continuance. Bursting unexpectedly, and raging with unexampled fury, they clear away and disappear in like manner. Something similar is observable at Nice, where the *bise* from the maritime Alps chills the whole atmosphere in a few minutes, and sends those home to put on their cloaks who came forth in the lightest attire to enjoy the sunshine, and the prospect of the calm sea. In spite of the changes of its climate, Baku, with all the surrounding country, was a favorite residence of the Medes, as well as of those fierce conquerors from Macedonia who subverted the Persian monarchy, and left so many traces of their rule over the whole of Asia, from the mouths of the Nile to the furthest waters of the Punjab. At Baku, the chisel of Greece was busily at work, and has left upon the face of rocks, and the façade of ruined palaces, numerous mementoes of its playful character, figures of men engaged in various amusements and games of chance. To the believers in El Islam, all these things are so many abominations. They hate images, they despise art and its creations, which to their minds suggest no ideas save those of gross idolatry. They can conceive no reason for fabricating the figure of man or beast, unless with the design to worship it. Occasionally, they account for the ruin of great cities in which statues are found, by observing that the inhabitants having been addicted to impure forms of worship, were changed by the wrath of Heaven into stones, and in that state left forever above ground, to be a terror and a warning to future generations. As to the lions who climb and grin on the walls of Baku, they were, say the Muslims, the gods of its ancient inhabitants, whom, when the day of trial came, they were found impotent to protect.

Like all regions impregnated with fire, this part of Persia produces exquisite fruit. Large and delicious figs have been still found on the trees as late as the month of December, and the pomegranates which nature brings to perfection in the hottest months seem to be fuller of refreshing juice than in almost any other part of the East. When you arrive, therefore, at a caravansary on a July noon, the first thing with which the attendant presents you, in a saucer of white porcelain, is a pomegranate—you break it, you inhale the delicious aroma, you sip the pinky juice, and your weariness vanishes like a dream. Along the volcanic rocks, the vine trails its tendrils, and early in summer is covered with heavy clusters, purple or golden. These the children of the Prophet, in spite of the Koran, often convert into wine, with which to regale themselves in their banishment beyond Kaf. Every one who has travelled in volcanic countries must have observed that the grape has there a far richer flavor than elsewhere, which appears at once to excite and allay thirst. This is particularly noticeable on the slopes of Etna and Vesuvius, but in the neighborhood of Baku it is perhaps more remarkable still. The wines made in this province are those chiefly celebrated by the Persian poets, who, because they drank them in the bowers of Shiraz or Ispahan, imagined they were the produce of the south. In the low marshy grounds close to the Caspian, you find water-melons, scarcely, if at all, inferior to those of Calmata in the Morea, which, when cut into slices, look like sweet water held in suspension by a net-work of fibres. These, with the apples of Shirwan, and the dates of Irak and Diarbekir, the Parsees prefer to all the fruits of India, the anana, the mango, and the mangosteen, because they detect in them the flavor of their ancient fatherland. As they eat, they dream of the past, when the sword of the Mede was a terror to the world—when he disciplined the finest cavalry, and erected the finest structures in Asia—when he was victorious wherever he marched—and when his sacred fire threw its glare on one side over the Nile, on the other over the Indus. It may be that Bumsetjee Cursetjee, as he prostrates himself before the eternal fires of Baku, dreams that days of equal glory may yet dawn upon his race, when he shall cease to twist ropes and build ships for white infidels from the West, when he shall be no longer a by-word to the Brahman or the Moslem, but with the sword of victory in one hand, and the sacred fire in the other, shall drive the believers in the Book out of Iran, and enjoy a flaming millennium in the beautiful land which was the birthplace and cradle of his race.

From The Spectator, 12 July.

THE CHINA DEBATE.

OUR Dictator is losing his head again. Constant success in the House, the support of both the hereditary parties, the feeling that he is for the hour essential to the foreign policy which the country desires to maintain, seem to have inspired Lord Palmerston with the belief that he may ride at will over the Liberal school. His speech of Tuesday night, on our position in China, was one of those outbreaks of arrogance which in England invariably presage, as they materially help to produce, a Minister's fall. From first to last it contains nothing except an assertion of his own will, and his own intention to persevere in a particular course whether the country likes it or not, which course again he, with a reticence as imperial in form as in substance, leaves unrevealed. It was a hilarious song of defiance, heard with disgust even by the members who feel that the alternatives are Lord Palmerston or a Tory Administration. It is something too much that a Minister raised to a dictatorship by Liberal support should venture, on a subject of the last importance, to laugh down liberal opinions, to cast to the winds the positive assurances of his own Foreign Secretary, and to plunge the country into a quarrel to which the keenest insight can see no limits, and the necessity for which he himself has not the self-restraint to explain. This is not the style in which Englishmen can be governed, and if Lord Palmerston's friends cannot convince him that this tone is unendurable, we warn them that their idol will not be worshipped long.

The briefest sketch of the facts will explain the irritation felt by every Liberal politician. For months past we have received constant reports from China of affrays between British forces and the rebels, who are desolating the central provinces of the empire. At Shanghai, a popular Admiral places himself at the head of a combined force, marches thirty miles into the interior, and by the aid of European science, slaughters some five hundred persons with whom we are not at war, and then finishes his exploit by burning the village belonging to the very people whom he went out to protect. This, moreover, is no isolated act. Europeans are defending at the same time Ningpo, Chusan, Hangkow, and Shanghai, places hundreds

of miles apart, and a regular system of coast warfare is avowedly about to be organized. The Imperial Government is encouraged to raise an army under European officers, Prince Kung is promised "assistance," and the newspapers in Northern China—newspapers remarkable among colonial journals for the beauty of their printing, the accuracy of their information, and the virulence of their opinions—are full of great plans for—no official being out of China seems to know what. Finally, the telegraph contains the well-known phrase which all over Asia sounds in Englishmen's ears like the *pas de charge* to a war of conquest, "troops have been summoned from India" to defend Shanghai. All this while it is admitted that the individuals whom our officers, without orders, or a policy, or an excuse are killing wholesale, belong to a faction which has conquered a fifth of China, which commands its great trading river, which the empire is powerless to subdue, and with which some day or other we shall have to settle a grave account. Mr. White asks in his place some explanation of facts which, were not the minds of Englishmen secretly feverish from the constant recurrence of great events, would have excited the irritation of the whole country. Mr. White is not a statesman, as Mr. Layard called him, but he understands China; he spoke with unusual temperance and lucidity, and he was supported by the silent approval of every Liberal who had attended to the subject at all. He was followed by Mr. Cobden who, although he, as usual, exaggerated the argument for forbearance till it looked like a plea for flight, still clearly and fairly explained the magnitude of the responsibilities Admiral Hope had incurred.

To all these statements, statements which, if the country could only be made to understand them, would raise a shout of annoyed incredulity, what is the official reply? First Mr. Layard, then the Premier himself, gets up to prove that both the member for Brighton and the member for Manchester have understated the case. Not only are we defending our own merchants, but we have entered into engagements with the Regent of China, by which in sixteen ports Englishmen are to act as his "financial assistants," i.e. collect his revenue. All kinds of dis-trusted rumors are admitted as official facts; Captain Sherard Osborne is really to be sent

out to command the Imperial fleet; we are really to lend officers to instruct the Chinese army; it is necessary not only to defend the ports, but to protect a radius of thirty miles round them, i.e. a territory in aggregate extent about equal to *sixteen English counties*. We are to "give our moral support to the Imperial Government to defend itself against revolution;" "to the Imperial Government as representing the principle of order we shall give our sympathy, advice, and assistance;" a "few English officers, paid by the Chinese, are to command vessels bought by the Chinese;" the "Emperor is recognizing our position in the empire." And finally, as if to claim power to do any act whatever, the Premier defined his policy in these tremendous sentences: "We are bound now to do everything in our power to make amends to that Imperial Government for the injury they then sustained, to place their finances in a better condition, and to reinstate them in that position which, according to the honorable gentleman, it was our fault and our crime to have shaken." . . . "If by the means by which my honorable friend has explained, we are able to give that Government sufficient power and vigor, to enable it by its own energies and authority to re-establish its supremacy and to put down a rebellion which carries devastation wherever it goes, we are doing that which is not only advantageous to the interests of China, but to the interests of England herself."

Did mortal man ever hear the like? Without the slightest hint to the people who are to pay for all this spirited policy, without a single division or debate in Parliament, without so much as a declaration of his purposes, the Premier binds this country to "reinvigorate" the Government of three hundred millions of people, now attacked by a successful army of four hundred thousand rebels, promises to restore its finances, to officer its fleet, to instruct its army, to defend its ports, to clear its enormous coasts, and, in "the interest of order," to enable it to put down a revolution among a third of the human race. If this be not to assume the position of the Protecting Power over the Chinese empire words have no value, and acts no force. What is the Mexican expedition which is now embarrassing France compared with a task like this? It is the very process by which we conquered India

begun over again, with the difference that it is commenced with our eyes open, and for the whole empire of China instead of the single province of Bengal. Lord Palmerston did not attempt to explain in what way he hoped to carry out his project of reducing China to pillage, but the steps are as certain as if they had occurred. We shall find that our thirty-mile radius is worthless to protect our trade while the angry Taepings prohibit it by internal custom duties, and shall be compelled step by step to push our "line of defence" farther into the interior. In that work we shall have the assistance of the local fleet commanded by English sailors, and the local armies officered by English soldiers. The spirit of combat, the pride of victory, and the thirst for empire—the most incurable of all the nobler passions—will speedily permeate every settlement in China. A strong English party will be gradually formed among the natives, and everywhere, radiating out from sixteen centres, the English influence will penetrate and extend, and become consolidated. The ideas of officials will widen as they widened in India, soldiers will find themselves generals, messengers, ambassadors, consuls, potentates with power to let loose irresistible force. The Imperial Government will find that the man has mounted the horse, that its ally is an inexorable master, and will either resist by a massacre which will destroy itself, or more probably sink into a *faintant* royalty, leaving government to the British intruders. Is that what this country wants? for we can assure our readers—and we write well knowing Asia—that and no other is the inevitable result of the policy avowed on Tuesday night. Once fairly in action, Parliament will be powerless. Members may fancy they can restrict the supplies, limit the troops, remove the subordinate agents. They do not know how splendidly Northern energy develops itself in the tropics, or how imperial will be the spirit of every Englishman in China. There was a little passage in the report of the last raid which was terribly ominous for the empire: "Colonel Ward's Chinese exposed themselves only too recklessly and left twelve per cent on the field." The Chinese, then, commanded by Europeans, make good Sepoys, and every adventurous Englishman, every man who thinks the rule of a province worth the mere

risk of life, every resident who knows that with great slices of territory governed by Englishmen, wealth will rain on the early traders, is released from the burdensome necessity of appealing to England for troops. The Chinese can do the work, and Clives will be found in scores. In the last resort it is only to appeal to the great military monarchy which we call our "Indian possession," and think of as if it were a colony, and armies without limit of number are always available to protect her Majesty's subjects. Woe betide the Governor-General who rejects such an application, with its vista of excitement and honor for Indian *ennuyés*, for his life will be a burden to him, under the torrent of obloquy his "cold indifference" will produce. Nor can even the nation itself be trusted. It may be reluctant enough to undertake a new and vast responsibility, disinclined to new wars, hostile to new dependencies; but China can find the funds; and let a few men honor our name by their courage and their victories, or the local Government indulge itself with a massacre, and the British people, groaning, perhaps, with vexation, will still hear of nothing but utter triumph. It is the government of China with which Lord Palmerston threatens us, a whole history of wars and expeditions and triumphs and responsibilities, which, if his views are maintained, we are about half-consciously to commence. We are not coloring matters even in a degree. By his own avowal we have, as a beginning, undertaken to create and officer a Chinese fleet, to instruct a Chinese army, to collect the sea-borne customs, to defend sixteen counties, and to protect the Imperial Government against a revolution.

We may be told that Lord Palmerston is right, that a new India would enormously increase our power, our revenue, and our trade; that the prospect, so far from alarming, ought simply to excite enthusiasm. We shall not discuss that point at the fag-end of an article. All we contend is that our policy leads directly and almost inevitably to the subjugation of China, and that before we enter upon a course with such a result, Parliament should comprehend the position, and at least discuss whether this be what it desires. If this be not done, Mr. Cobden will for once have uttered an accurate prediction, and our children's children will find

that their fortunes were involved when the cheery old Admiral sallied out to slay five hundred Taepings.

From The Spectator, 19 July.

THE "OPERATIONS" IN CHINA.

EITHER we are at war with China and incurring liabilities to be ultimately discharged by English taxpayers, or British troops are serving as mercenaries under Prince Kung. One of those statements must perforce be true, and we shall not be deterred by our full sense of the importance of Lord Palmerston to the Liberal party, from asking once more, which? We pointed out, only last week, that the task we had undertaken would widen its area every day, and already the attack on a village has assumed the dimensions of a great and costly campaign. Within ten days the allied forces in China have carried a great city by storm, defeated a large army, attacked one or more stockades, and lost one officer of the highest rank. Already we have official despatches describing our "operations," official lists of killed and wounded, and promotions gazetted with more than official promptness. All that we have done, too, is nothing in presence of what we are preparing to do. There are "more cities," says one on the spot, still to be taken; we have to "clear" the banks of one of the world's great rivers; we are "organizing expeditions" into the interior; there are hints about the capture of Nankin; and, in short, we are in the midst of an undertaking as great as the second Burmese war, or the re-conquest of the Gangetic Valley. Even this does not express the whole extent of the taxpayer's danger. Taepings being, as Captain Dew remarks with less than the usual elegance of the quarter-deck, "of vermin nature," are, like other vermin, exceedingly active. They appear and re-appear like fleas just where they are not expected. An exposed post occupied by Sepoys has been cut off, and so serious is the alarm, that, it is said, eight thousand Sikhs have been demanded from the Government of India.

There will not be a man too many. It is evident from every detail of the recent exploit, that we are engaged in an affair which may tax to the utmost the strength even of

the Indian Empire. Ningpo, the city we have just stormed, once the fourth in the empire, now a Chinese Bruges, was assailed by a force which even in Europe would have been considered most formidable, such a one as in America whole armies appear unable to meet with effect. Shot and shell from the gunboats rained on the city for two hours and a half, with as is evident from the despatch, no effective reply. The Taepings were less than 15,000 strong, of whom only a proportion were armed, yet they did not fly in confusion, but met us almost hand to hand, the bayonet "almost crossing the spear," defended every gate, and only yielded at last to English stormers, before whom Frenchmen have ere now shrunk. In the little action of Nanjan, in which Admiral Pontet was killed, and which appears to have involved the storm of a stockade near Shanghai, the Taepings displayed the most desperate courage, and allowing for the permanent inability of Asiatics to face the heavy English fire, proved themselves as formidable enemies as we have encountered in the East. There are four hundred thousand of these men, just four times the number of our revolted Sepoy army, and double the number the Indian rebels ever collected in the field. They appear, naturally enough, to be thoroughly irritated, to *feel* that unless they can defeat us, their whole enterprise, with its ten years of success, its promises of booty and its close expectation of empire, is at once at an end. It is against this force that we now have to defend, not the treaty ports only, for we have already stepped out of that boundary, but every spot where that most enterprising of human beings, the British adventurer with a hundred per cent to make, may have pitched his tent, and every town we can reach where Prince Kung may request our "assistance" to "withstand the Revolution." It is the river system of China we are to protect, a network of deltas, a series of countries in which human life is a drug, and European life scarcely insurable, where a population too vast to feel any but the heaviest losses, is unable to suppress the civil war in which we are henceforth to be the prominent champions. Of course, our own position is safe enough. The Chinese, even when as reckless and brutalized as the Taepings undoubtedly are, are no match for "the hereditary nobility of mankind." We

shall find men in hundreds to die as Lieutenant Cornwall died, and to such men, once released from home routine, no enterprise is impossible, and no plan a chimera. We conquered the Delta of the Ganges in a campaign, and may conquer the Delta of the Yang-tze-Kiang in a couple. Lord Elgin can send out Sikhs indefinitely as long as he can find money to pay them, and Probyn's Horse doubtless spread the tales of "loot" and enjoyment which make such service popular in the Punjab. There are Wards enough among us who would ask no better than leave to organize Chinese Sepoys, and who in five years would have as blind a confidence in their men as the officers who died under the shots of their "children" at Seal-kote. We *can* win a campaign as great as this promises to be, but then is this the sort of way in which campaigns so vast in dimension and possible result are to be undertaken? Parliament has sanctioned no such war. The country has scarcely heard of its possibility. The Foreign Secretary has sternly commanded that no such war shall commence. And still, without consultation, or expression of the national will, or declaration of policy, here we are in the thick of it, with lists of killed and wounded for our first note of warning, and Lord Palmerston's avowal that he shall "reinvigorate" China for our first word of challenge.

Who is to pay for it all? The British Exchequer, already burdened by a bad year, a suspended trade, and the necessity of feeding the richest of English counties? or the Chinese Government, unable to pay its own officers or collect its own revenues, and with an indemnity to ourselves still hanging over its head? In the first case, the whole authority of Parliament has been arrogantly set aside, without any plea of extreme urgency. In the second, British troops are become the mercenaries of a barbarian state, and are using their matchless strength for foreign pay, to restore the authority of men against whose habitual abuse of power they have taken no precautions whatever. The letter published by a contemporary describing the atrocities inflicted on the Taepings is probably an invention. It is the sort of letter private soldiers write, and Europeans would not have stood by to see women ripped up when they must have had the means of preserving them. But every man who knows

China knows that the Mandarins are capable of all therein described, that Yeh, by his own confession, took a hundred thousand lives, and that in avenging resistance to their authority the Tartars will stop short of no extremity, depopulation included. They are just as bad as the Taepings, with this difference, that the Taepings gratify their blood-thirstiness and lust at their own risk, while the Mandarins fight behind the impenetrable shield of English scientific knowledge and organized skill. We shall be told that there is no fear of taxes, for the revenue of the ports is in our hands, and we can repay ourselves, and that we can, if necessary, appoint men of our own selection Mandarins. It is all true, and it all means conquest. The external revenue of China, honestly collected, is, we dare say, quite sufficient to keep up a Sepoy army. The power of the sword in Asia includes every other; and if Admiral Hope appointed his "boy" a Mandarin with a blue button, he would, we doubt not, for the hour be obeyed. But before we do these things, let us at least see clearly what we are doing; let us recognize that the men who put down a rebellion, and then nominate officers over the conquerors, who levy the taxes and command the army, who depose the Imperial officials and decapitate officials appointed by the rebels, are, in fact as well as in justice, the men responsible for the government of China. It is that, and no less, which we shall have, if this affair goes on, to undertake—which, indeed, over large districts, we have already undertaken. Even if it be a wise or a profitable enterprise, it is one the responsibility of which makes thinking men shudder, and to attempt it without the distinct consent of Parliament and people is a stretch of authority of which Englishmen have as yet had no example.

But we deny that it can be either, at all events in this century. England is great, but she cannot bear the waste of energy and intellect and physical means which such an undertaking, with its history of wars, expeditions, and administrative experiments, would most inevitably entail. We are not governing India yet—are only just emerging out of our encampments. We have not the knowledge, or the power, or the assimilating qualities which should enable us to govern Asia, or should justify us in accepting such a responsibility. We say nothing of the

injustice of the conquest, for if Prince and people alike summon us, the burden of acceding to their request lies scarcely upon our souls. But we say that, in straining the empire by such expeditions, we are tripling our chances of future danger, making every Asiatic movement of vital importance to ourselves, wearing out our reserve of strength, multiplying the streams till the reservoir will be too thin to supply them all. Our policy in China is to trade, to defend all settlements in which we are of necessity posted, to wait for further developments, and leave the Revolution to work itself out in its own way, certain that, whatever the misery it may produce, we are not responsible for its cause or liable for its result. The argument that the Taepings will simply destroy, merely eat up the earth like locusts, is only fit to be used in a debate, forgotten as soon as the words are uttered. All conquerors, by the absolute necessity of their position, ultimately organize, and the Taepings are neither better nor worse than the Mahrattas, whom they so closely resemble. As with them, the chiefs of gangs of plunderers must either be hanged or become sovereign, and we are now protecting in Indore and Gwalior regular governments founded by the men whom only one hundred years ago Calcutta armed to resist, as being, like the Taepings, enemies of the human race. What duty rests upon us to prohibit such a result, even if it be preceded by slaughter such as that which in the United States we justly hold no reason for intervention? We are no friends of the policy of isolation advocated by Mr. Cobden, but to engage in a civil war which we do not pretend even to comprehend, to pledge our strength for years to an enterprise no one has considered, and to blunder into the government of a third of the human race under pretext of defending our tea trade, seems, even to us, the height of presumptuous folly. At all events, if this is to be our course, if the Parliament really desires the responsibility of devising governments and providing happiness for four hundred millions of Asiatics, in addition to the two hundred millions already beneath our rule, let it not shrink from the expression of that audacious desire, or suffer our Cæsar to burden us blindfold with a weight to which that of India will be a feather.

From the Spectator, 12 July.
AMERICAN "DEGENERACY."

Of the many strange vagaries of English opinion the strangest is that which the *Times* on Wednesday embodied in two strong words. That journal which, aware that its articles weigh in America more heavily than despatches, writes every now and then as if it wanted war, styled the Americans "this insensate and degenerate people." To the first epithet we take no objection, though it is scarcely one which applies to a race whose most disagreeable quality, next to their self-conceit, is their habitual "smartness." The civil war, simply as such, is, of course, open to any amount of reprobation, even from men who, were India again in revolt, would support its suppression by any and every means short of depopulation. Misery is rarely just, and the war creates among certain classes a degree and extent of misery which would account for any disgust and palliate almost any virulence. But how sensible Englishmen, familiar with the history and incidents of the war can draw from them evidence of American degeneracy, is to us unintelligible. To us they seem on the contrary to relieve the Americans from some of the severest reproaches which previously rested on the national character.

Let us look at the facts. No sooner had the war commenced than the Northern people, supposed to be the one which of all others preferred material objects, laid aside every pursuit, and staked their lives, their fortunes, and their future on a war for an "idea," that idea being the one which in England we call patriotism. Taking the lowest view of their conduct, they still had the motive which justifies Italy in declaring war for Venetia—they fought for their national completeness. Believed to be disinclined to service, and incapable of discipline, they enlisted in hundreds of thousands, and the *Times* correspondent bears witness from the Pamunkey to their wonderful patience amid suffering which equals that of our soldiers in the Crimea. Supposed to be guided wholly by impulse, they answered the frightful disaster of Bull's Run by creating a new army, and raising loans on a scale of more than European profusion. "Impatient and fickle," they waited five months for McClellan to organize the army without abating one jot of their purpose, or becoming, even

in language, more virulent against their foes. "Incapable of self-restraint," they have pardoned McDowell in spite of a defeat which risked their existence as a nation, and upheld McClellan through all his wearisome delays. A "mere mob," they suffered their President to postpone the national pride to the public security, saw the *habeas corpus* suspended without a struggle, and gave up Mason and Slidell in the very midst of their joyous excitement at the capture. Worshipers of the "almighty dollar," they have deliberately mortgaged the North that the war might not be starved, and the nation split into halves. Without organization, and almost without a Government, with no adequate revenue, and with half their own strength in open insurrection against them, they have fought on steadily for fourteen months, and in the very thick of the contest have created a navy and organized an army such as raises the Union to the rank of a first-class Power. And, be it remembered in their praise, they have so fought without the excitement of success, have sustained defeats innumerable, have been compelled to cast aside statesman after statesman, to see general after general condemned as ignorant, dishonest, or wanting in fidelity to the cause. They have done all this, too, without revolutionary measures, without upsetting the authority of the States, without interfering, save for three months, with the routine of daily life. They are called vindictive, and so they are in speech; but, after fourteen months of rebellion commenced by a treachery without a parallel, General Butler was the first to inflict death on a man convicted of treason. President Buchanan, whose life in England under the same circumstances would not have been worth an hour's purchase, lives at Wheatland still unmolested. Not one bill of proscription has been passed, the solitary confiscation bill is still not law, and the people shrink with an almost cowardly terror from a measure which, as they fear, might create a revolution within their enemies' homes. Amidst their crowd of new men, one indeed has issued orders which have made his name a by-word, but the only charge against the remainder is that of overlenity. When France, invaded by coalesced Europe, rose in arms, all Europe admired an outburst which was not in any one feature nobler than that which, because Amer-

icans brag and are personally disagreeable, we are to accept in America as evidence of degeneracy. The war, so far from destroying all that is good in them, is annealing the hearts of the nation—hardening them, we fear—but burning out also the dross.

"But the war can end only in one way. Why not accept the facts, and let the South begone?" Simply because Americans are only Englishmen in their shirt-sleeves, and while a hope remains they *cannot* give way. Pluck and tenacity, however unreasonable, are not exactly signs of degeneracy. We fought for years to keep colonies which the greatest men among us declared all the time we should be unable to conquer; and though we recognize the folly of our persistence it has not injured our national character. The North is plunging itself in debt? True, and better so than plunge into a system of requisitions which the French tried *after* exhausting assignats, and without certainly much apparent degeneracy. They "are eating up their future. We have one nevertheless, who have bitten just five times as deeply into the cake. America has still not incurred a larger debt than we contracted to conquer the States, though we had then but half the American population. "She is destroying the source of population." It is true the waste of life is most fearful, but it must in any case be less than the destruction caused by the Irish famine—a catastrophe we have survived, and which too many of us in our secret hearts do not to this hour regret. "The Union has surrendered its principle, the right of mankind to choose their own form of government." That grand principle is ours also, but we are not going to poll India, nor if Ireland rebelled to-morrow should we dream of the peaceful ballot-box. A nation must exist before it can proclaim any principles whatever, and though we can conceive of a people so loftily consistent that they would carry out a grand principle which visibly involved their own destruction, that is not a height to which we have attained, nor does it lie in our mouths to charge the Northern people with failure to reach a standard of virtue from which we ourselves recoil. There are enough causes of sadness in this American war without charges of degeneracy addressed to the only race who, save ourselves, stand up for the right of political freedom. It is

melancholy that the progress of the world should be stopped by the wretched fear of democracy produced by the conflict; melancholy that eight millions of human beings should be encountering death to retain the slaves whom the twenty millions who fight for them will not enfranchise; most melancholy of all that in the providence of God we who introduced slavery, must, though now free of the stain, bear our share in the consequences of that great crime. There is misery in store for the South and for the North; for the man-stealers and those who have legalized the theft; for the toiling millions of Lancashire, and for those who supply the object of their labor. But among those miseries the greatest of all, the degeneracy of a branch of the Anglo-Saxon race—of the only people who amidst many errors and many crimes are still consciously toiling on to a higher future—will assuredly not be found.

From The Spectator, 19 July.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S DEFEAT.

THERE is to our minds something heroic in the present attitude of the American people, something of antique grandeur which for the hour it is not the fashion to expect of a republic. Every misfortune which could befall a people in revolution has in one short week fallen upon their heads, and they remain undismayed. The incapacity of their most trusted general has been conclusively proved. A whole campaign, with its awful expenditure of blood, and treasure, and energy, has been, so to speak, thrown away. The main army of the Union has sustained a severe, it may be a destructive, defeat. The Government, by suppressing news, perverting information, and, we fear, by conscious and wilful falsehood, has done its puny best to convert a check into a fatal catastrophe. A tax bill, heavy and searching beyond all precedent, has been imposed on men who supposed themselves exempt from taxation. A new campaign, still more costly, still more deadly to life, and possibly as ineffectual, has been rendered inevitable. And still the American people, without a general, without a statesman, doubting their rulers, and almost despairing of their chiefs, abate no jot of heart or hope, are ready to

risk all if only their country may be kept entire, meet defeat by reinforcements, slaughter by fresh levies, and financial danger by measures which, though the wise know them to be folly, are intended to display the height of revolutionary vigor. The North may be utterly wrong in their object, and are certainly unwise in their means, but in no other case have Englishmen ever refused the credit due to national vigor, tenacity, and pluck. Had Austria in 1848 displayed but half as much, men would have said that however excellent the cause of Hungary might be, there was a capacity for endurance, found only in these old Houses, which was of itself a qualification to rule. Being displayed by Americans, who, like Frenchmen, talk through their noses, and, like ourselves, are given to extend their dominion and believe it a blessing *in se*, those high qualities are denounced as exhibitions of arrogant obstinacy.

There is not as yet a sign that the people are tired of the war. The meeting in Cooper's Hall, which was hailed in London as a harbinger of peace, was composed of the Rump of the old pro-slavery politicians, led by Fernando Wood, and addressed by Border State politicians, and, even under these circumstances, did not venture to ask for peace without entire submission. The grim "dourness" which underlies the Teutonic character, German as well as Anglo-Saxon, is fairly roused; and what of arms, men, and matériel may be required, will assuredly not be lacking.

Whether all this devotion will suffice to attain its end is a widely different question. The war, in the first place, has been thrown back for at least another year. A purely agricultural people like the Southerners can remain in arms like a Tartar tribe till the supply of men falls short, but the North will be pressed by many, perhaps by insuperable difficulties. Their supply of men, it is true, terrible as the drain has been, will probably prove sufficient. They have now called out a million of soldiers, or very nearly one-fifth of the whole population capable of bearing

arms, and further levies will press terribly on the supply of labor. But they must, from their numbers, be able at least to outlast the foes. A conscription to which the South has now had recourse is always more deadly than any system of volunteering, because it draws the unfit into the ranks, and a levy *en masse*, though it fills all gaps, drains the country of its reserves. * * *

To men who have seen a tropical delta, such an undertaking seems a chimera, unless the North has the aid of disciplined and acclimatized troops. They may have that even yet if they choose to arm the slaves, and it is to this end that all these events seem tending. The answer of General Hunter to Congress, reported by this mail, is the most significant fact yet recorded in the struggle. He was asked whether he was really arming fugitive slaves, and replied that he knew no such persons, but that he was arming black loyalists who had quitted their traitorous masters, and hoped before the year was over to have *forty-eight thousand* of them in the field. They were eagerly attending to drill. If Congress, in this supreme hour of the nation, rejects or censures that proposition, then indeed the struggle is over, and the North must either consent to see the Union dissolved or mortgage its future in a struggle without meaning or termination. If, on the other hand, it is accepted, the war will change its character, and the Federal Government will have at its disposal a force requiring no pay save freedom, and no rations save bread and rice, which can camp anywhere without fear, and penetrate anywhere without danger, which cannot hide itself if it would, and which dare not be taken prisoner. A negro army may yet be the solution of the negro question, for discipline would prevent excesses, and the soldiers who have fought faithfully and with success can never be objects of hate to those whom they have protected. The defeat of McClellan presses home once more the alternative he has always rejected—the dismemberment of the United States, or their freedom for all who inhabit them.

THE DEATH OF BUCKLE, THE HISTORIAN.

To the Editor of the Times :

SIR,—It is my painful duty to announce, not only to his nearer friends and relatives, as I have already done, but also, through you, to the world interested in the author of the "History of Civilization in England," the death of Mr. Buckle, on Thursday, the 29th of May, of typhus fever, at Damascus.

He had overworked himself, and suddenly felt the effects of it after the publication of his second volume last spring. In October he left England, accompanied by two boys, the sons of a friend, and spent the winter on the Nile. He was so much better that in the beginning of March we left Cairo together for Sinai and Petra. Greatly improved in health by the six weeks in the Desert, he undertook the more fatiguing travelling on horseback through Palestine. Again his ardent temperament, or rather, as I now think, the restlessness of an over-excited nervous system, made him do too much, and, though on the 27th of April he expressed himself as feeling never to have been in better health in his life, he was that day seized with diarrhœa, and afterwards with an attack of sore throat, which detained us at Nazareth for more than a week.

He never recovered his Desert strength, and we had to stop a couple of days more than we had proposed at Sidon, and take the earliest, though least interesting, route to Damascus. At the sudden view of that famous plain, on emerging from the rocky defile on the eastern ridge of Antilebanon, he exclaimed, "It is worth more than all the pain and fatigue it has cost me." Alas! how much more it was to cost him.

The fatigue again brought on diarrhœa. The quantity of opium prescribed, though small, yet, with his peculiar constitution, produced delirium for about a quarter of an hour, and it was touching to hear him exclaim in the midst of his incoherent utterances, "Oh, my book, my book, I shall never finish my book!" The French medical officer, however, whom he consulted, not only assured him, but myself privately, that there was nothing whatever to fear, only that it would be advisable that he should give up the proposed excursion to Bâalbeck and through the Lebanon, and return by the French carriage road to Beyrout. On these

assurances, and finding him apparently much better on the 21st, I regret to say I was induced to leave him, and go the long route through the Lebanon alone, in the confident expectation, however, that I should find him waiting me at Beyrout, reinvigorated by the sea air, and ready to proceed on our journey to Greece and Turkey. I need not say how shocked I was to hear at the Consulate yesterday (31st of May) that, on the evening of the day I left Damascus (the 21st), he was seized with typhus fever, sank into an unconscious stupor on the 26th, died, and was buried on the 29th. One thing, I confess, I fear may have hastened the end; he was leeches. But the kindness and attention of our Acting-Consul, Mr. Sandwith, the American Missionary, Mr. Robson, and the American physician, Dr. Barclay, who went up expressly from Beyrout, must be warmly acknowledged. The stimulants applied by the latter had only the effect of producing the partial and very temporary return to consciousness which preceded his decease.

Thus, at the early age of thirty-nine, died one whose death, I think, more than the partiality of a friend, makes me consider him a national loss. It is left for us but to hope that he is now enjoying that immortality without the hope of which, as he once said to me with tears in his eyes, "life would be insupportable," and in the more immediate presence, and with deeper knowledge of that God in whom he firmly believed. And so, passing through the ruins of the Christian quarter, outside the walls, on the same day he died, as the sun set over that mountain ridge from which with such delight he had but ten days before—such is the irony of life—gazed on his deathbed, in the small Protestant cemetery, its trees torn up, and its eight or ten tombstones broken by fanatical Mahomedans, he was interred.

Mr. Buckle's delicate health as a boy caused him to be taken early from school, and prevented his being sent to college. On the death of his father he succeeded at eighteen to a considerable fortune, but, despising its temptations, he devoted himself to study. His chief recreation was chess, and he could number Loewenthal among the vanquished. He early attracted the notice of such men as Hallam and Bunsen, and gained their esteem as a young man of great promise. With all the comforts and advantages of book-

collecting and of travelling afforded by fortune, he lived a happy student's life, and had in the course of it but one great grief.

As to Mr. Buckle's works, it would be impossible for me to say much without such obtrusion of my own opinions as would be here and now utterly out of place. But this I may say, that the three great theses of his book have never yet been sufficiently or at all considered. Hence, great part of what has been said in the reviews may be true, and yet the book in its pith and marrow stand. These three theses, chiefly to be drawn from the second and fourth chapters, are:—

1. Political economy—the science of wealth—is the deductive science through which the investigation of natural is connected with that of social phenomena, and thus the way prepared for one universal science.

2. The laws of society are different from those of the individual; and the method of averages, with which has to be compared the mathematical theory of probabilities, is that by which the former are to be investigated.

3. In social phenomena the intellectual, in individual the moral, laws are chiefly or alone to be considered; all moral social changes are thus preceded by intellectual changes.

With these three theses might be very clearly shown to be connected all his scientific opinions; as might all his opinions on morals and politics be shown to group themselves about his conception of liberty as non-interference. Thus the moral law became merely negative: Do not hurt yourself or others. But, as I have said, how far these views are true, or how far original, cannot here be considered. It may, however, be observed, that, though he held firmly by the second of the above theses, he often said he

should be glad, so far as his own feelings were concerned, to see the third disproved.

And as to that account of the history of civilization in Scotland which, under the misrepresentation of reviews, has been so little welcomed by my own countrymen, I may add that he himself admitted that, for the great and complete historian, the profound moral and religious sympathy of the poet, in which he was wanting, is almost as necessary as the analytical power of the philosopher; and it was his enthusiasm for liberty that made him intolerant of intolerance.

Though Mr. Buckle's lamentable death leaves undone not only so much of what he intended, but of what he has prepared elaborate materials for, I am glad to say that his posthumous works may be no less valuable than those which have already appeared. I fear that the outlined essays, "On the Ultimate Causes of the Interest of Money," "On Bacon," (which would have been chiefly an essay on Method,) "On Shakspeare," and "On the Influence of Northern Palestine on the Origin of Christianity," may not be found in a sufficient state of forwardness to be published, as he proposed, collectively with the papers he had contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*; but great parts of the special "History of Civilization in England" exist ready for publication, and his common-place books, with their immensely varied, yet methodically arranged extracts, will form the most curious, interesting, and valuable collection of materials that has, probably, ever yet been published as the work of a single English student, and their publication will be according to his own intention in case of the non-completion of his work.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. S. STUART GLENNIE.

Beyrout, June 1.

EARLY RISING.

THROUGH my wide window streams the sun,
For lo! the morning bath begun;
With his rays, me, prone, caressing,
Calls me to be up and dressing:
Sluggard! see how I am working,
Where the fresh night-dew is lurking,
Raising vapor for the showers;
Giving color to the flowers;
Unfolding buds into green leaves;
Peeping under the homestead eaves;
Warming all her children cawlow,
That I may delight the swallow;

Calling the bees to quit their hive,
And in those golden baths to dive,
Where the dew still fills the flower,
Ere the sun asserts his power;
They, in the cold tears of the night,
Refresh their limbs for labor's flight.
Throw up the window! open wide!
Odors on air will sweetly ride.
The mavis sings from horny bill,
And sounds of day the country fill;
The handle clicks against the pail,
And milkmaids each their own kine hail.
So, forth into the morning air,
Where cheeks grow ruddy, round, and fair.

—Chambers's Journal.

CHARLES EDE.